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THE
GOLDEN RULE
SERIES

THE GOLDEN PATH



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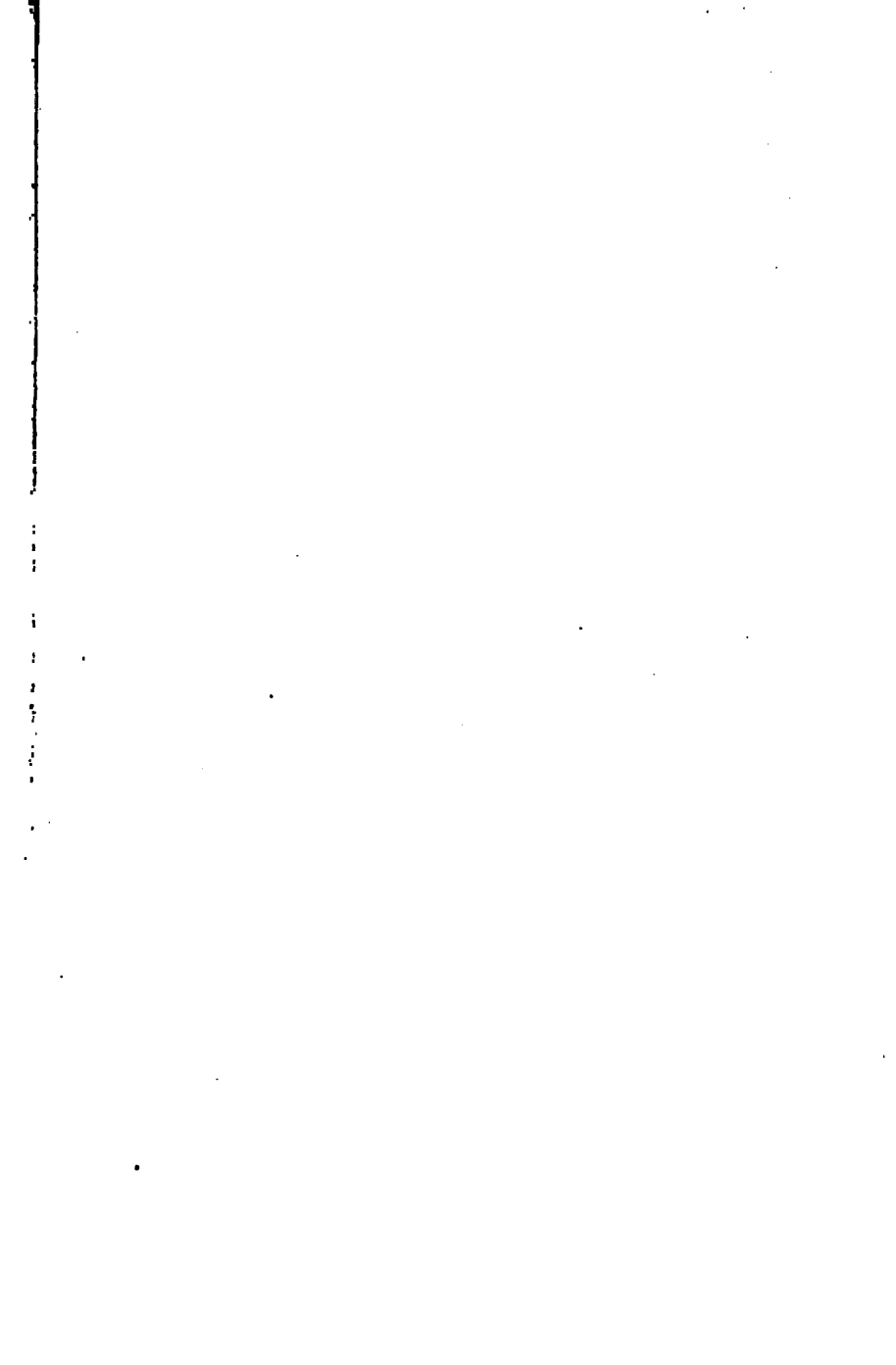
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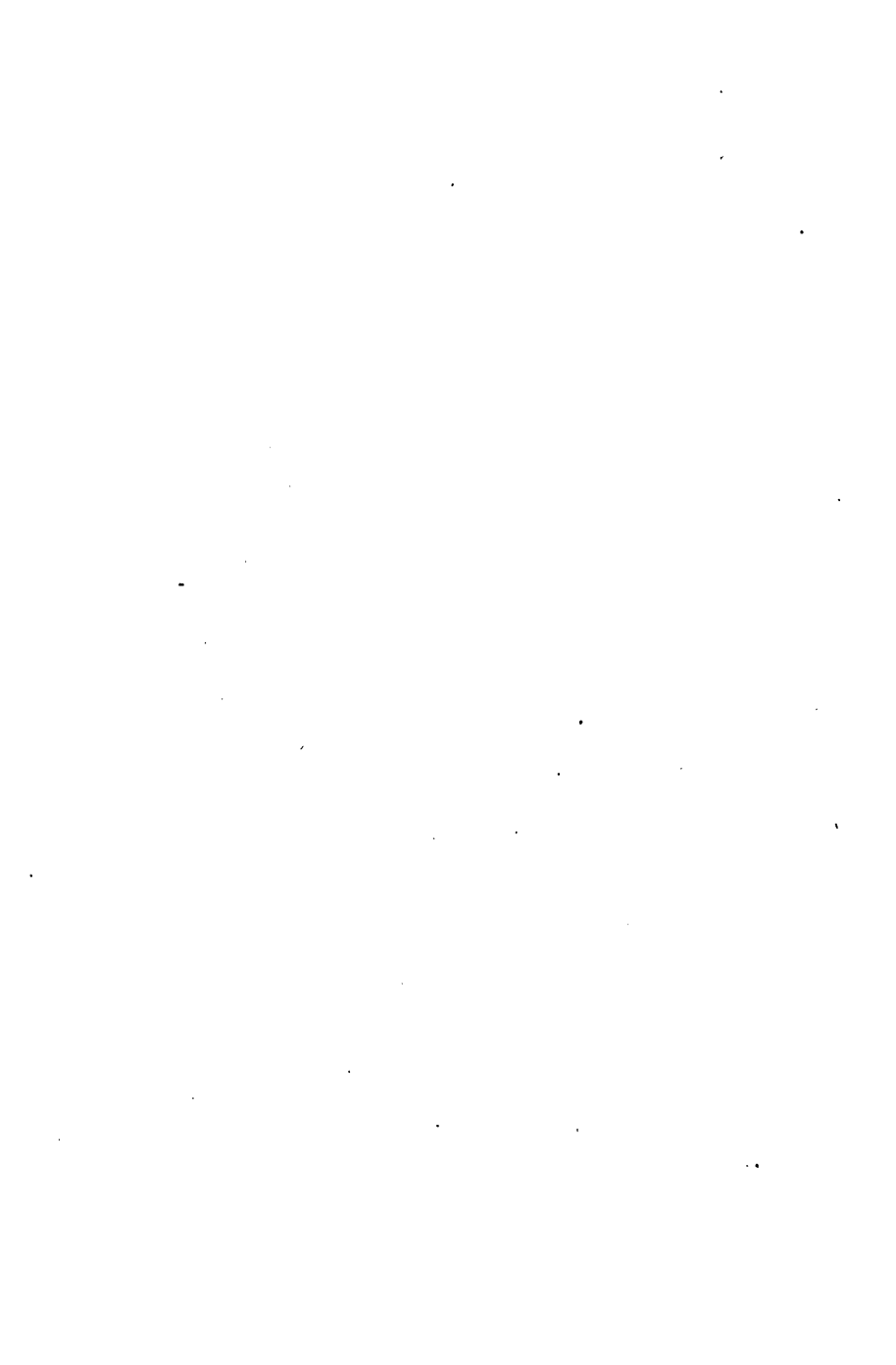
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THE GOLDEN PATH BOOK

The Golden Rule Series

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IV THE GOLDEN KEY BOOK

V THE GOLDEN WORD BOOK

VI THE GOLDEN DEED BOOK

THE GOLDEN RULE SERIES

THE GOLDEN PATH BOOK
A SCHOOL READER

BY

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PREFACE

THIS Series of books embodies a graded system of moral instruction. The method of instruction involved in the Scheme is the indirect method. It introduces the pupil, in a concrete and interesting manner, to the subject matter of morals, by means of fairy tale, myth, fable, allegory, parable, legend, stories of real life, of heroes and heroines, biography, and historical incident. This method was adopted in preference to the more formal, direct, and didactic methods, because of an induction based on a *questionnaire* circulated among the teachers of ten cities, nearly ninety-five per cent of whom favored the indirect method. This induction is supported, also, by investigations relating to the moral nature in the field of child psychology, and the psychology of the first years of adolescence.

In the composition, selection, and arrangement of material, attention has been given to the laws

established by scientific pedagogy relating to the unfolding of the fundamental interests of children.

The contents of the Readers have been selected from the best literary sources. Both ancient and modern classics have been largely drawn upon, especial attention having been given, not only to the ethical content, but also to the literary and engaging qualities of the material selected. The Series includes, also, a number of original stories and much re-written matter. Everything contained in the Readers has been carefully adapted to the requirements of the respective grades — the selections having been subjected to a practical test in the schools of New York. Method, material, grading, form, vocabulary, interest, etc., have been made the subject of actual experiment. The aim has been to produce a series of books that will accomplish all the ends of literary Readers, and at the same time will embody a graded system of moral instruction.

No especial pedagogical method is required of the teacher in using these books. The same method of questioning that obtains in the use of other Readers may be adopted in the use of the ethical Readers. If, in the teacher's judgment,

the pupil fails to apprehend the real moral content of the story or poem, the teacher can easily lead up to it by tactful questioning, but she should be especially careful to avoid the direct method. It is eminently desirable that the pupil should do his own moralizing, hence the teacher should not try to exhort or preach.

The Series, as thus constructed, is the only one of its kind. Books for moral instruction used by the French, the Japanese, the English, as well as in our own country, employ either the direct method, or a combination of the direct and indirect methods, and the English and American books contain much religious material. This Series must, therefore, be regarded as the first and only contribution of its character made to moral education. It is earnestly hoped that the Readers may satisfy the almost universal demand for systematic graded instruction in morals in the schools.

This particular book, designed for pupils approximately of the fourth grade, embodies all the fundamental features of the Series. It deals with the virtues and vices peculiar to children of this age. The material has been prepared with the

utmost care. Very naturally in a Reader for pupils of this grade the personal, home, and school virtues are especially emphasized rather than those of a broader social life, which belong to a later period of the child's unfolding. It is, of course, vitally important that the moral of each lesson should be apprehended by every pupil in the class. To this end, in each instance, after the story has been read by the class, it might be told by one or two of its members, and the moral brought out by judicious questioning. Too much emphasis, however, cannot be laid on the fact that direct exhortation should be avoided. The teacher should question the pupil, just as she would on any other story, to determine to her own satisfaction whether he has fully grasped its meaning. By this method, the pupil will be led to do his own moralizing, which is much more effective than exhortation by the teacher.

We are permitted by the kindness of the publishing houses named below, to use the following selections: "How the Moon Became Beautiful," from *Chinese Fables and Folk Stories*, by Mary Hayes Davis and Chow-Leung, and "Ezekiel and Daniel," from *An American Book of Golden Deeds*,

by James Baldwin (The American Book Company); "The Jackal and the Spring," from *The Grey Fairy Book*, by Andrew Lang, and "How the King Visited Robin Hood," from *The Book of Romance*, by Andrew Lang (Longmans, Green, & Company); "How the Sun, the Moon, and the Wind Went Out to Dinner," from *Old Deccan Days* (Joseph McDonough); "Robert of Lincoln" and "The Gladness of Nature," from the *Complete Works of William Cullen Bryant* (D. Appleton & Company); "A Brave Scot," and "The Black Prince at the Battle of Crécy," from *Stories from English History*, by Albert F. Blaisdell (Ginn & Company); "Why Violets Have Golden Hearts," from *Fanciful Flower Tales*, by Madge A. Bigham (Little, Brown, & Company); "Sara Crewe," by Frances Hodgson Burnett (Charles Scribner's Sons).



CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE INVADED CITY	1
THE BLACK PRINCE AT THE BAT- TLE OF CRECY	3
<i>Albert F. Blaisdell</i>	
FEIGNED COURAGE	9
<i>Charles and Mary Lamb</i>	
THE WOLF AND THE FOX	11
<i>Grimm</i>	
TENDING THE FURNACE	16
THE JACKAL AND THE SPRING	18
<i>Andrew Lang</i>	
THE CAMEL'S NOSE	25
<i>Lydia Huntly Sigourney</i>	
A BRAVE SCOT	26
<i>Albert F. Blaisdell</i>	
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH	27
<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	
THE SNAIL AND THE ROSE TREE	30
<i>Hans Christian Andersen</i>	
THE CADMUS OF THE BLIND	36
THE BUILDERS	38
<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	
HAARLEM'S BOY HERO	38
WASTE NOT, WANT NOT	46
<i>Maria Edgeworth</i>	
THE ARROW AND THE SONG	51
<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	
BLUNDER	52
<i>Louise E. Chollet</i>	
CASABIANCA	65
<i>Felicia Hemans</i>	
SO-SO	68
<i>Juliana Horatia Ewing</i>	
REBECCA'S AFTERTHOUGHT	77
<i>Eliza Turner</i>	
SI-ME-QUONG	79
HOW THE SUN, MOON, AND WIND WENT OUT TO DINNER	81
<i>From "Old Deccan Days"</i>	
SWEET AND LOW	84
<i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	
THE BROWNIES	85
<i>Juliana Horatia Ewing</i>	
A SONG OF LOVE	105
<i>Lewis Carroll</i>	
THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER	107
<i>John Ruskin</i>	

	PAGE
EZEKIEL AND DANIEL <i>James Baldwin</i>	121
THE PEA BLOSSOM <i>Hans Christian Andersen</i>	126
RED STARS AND BLACK	134
A BOY'S SONG <i>James Hogg</i>	137
THE SCHOOL PICNIC	139
FORGIVE AND FORGET <i>Maria Edgeworth</i>	156
THE BAREFOOT BOY <i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	166
HOW THE KING VISITED ROBIN HOOD <i>Andrew Lang</i>	170
THE CUB'S TRIUMPH <i>From the Japanese, trans- lated by Mrs. T. H. James.</i>	176
MERCURY AND THE WOODMAN . <i>Æsop</i>	181
THE OLD WOMAN AND THE DOCTOR <i>Æsop</i>	183
A QUARREL AMONG QUAILS . <i>From "The Jātaka"</i>	184
THE GLADNESS OF NATURE . <i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	187
THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM . <i>Jane Taylor</i>	189
THE BLIND MAN AND THE LAME MAN <i>Æsop</i>	194
THE TALKATIVE TORTOISE . . <i>Hindu Fable</i>	195
THE MAGIC MASK <i>Mrs. Charles A. Lane</i>	197
ROBERT OF LINCOLN <i>William Cullen Bryant</i>	201
SARA CREWE <i>Frances Hodgson Burnett</i>	205
THE HALF-CHICK <i>Andrew Lang</i>	212
LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY <i>Old English</i>	221
JEAN VALJEAN AND THE GOOD BISHOP <i>From the French of Victor Hugo</i>	222
WHY VIOLETS HAVE GOLDEN HEARTS <i>Madge A. Bigham</i>	228
SIR LARK AND KING SUN . . . <i>George MacDonald</i>	236
ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON . <i>F. J. Gould</i>	238
COMPANIONS OF DIFFERING HU- MORS <i>Æsop</i>	244
POOR OLD HORSE <i>Old Song</i>	246

CONTENTS

xiii

	PAGE
THE BANYAN DEER <i>Mrs. Charles A. Lane. Retold</i>	
from "The Jātaka"	248
THE GREEDY ANTELOPE <i>Marie Shedlock. Retold from</i>	
"The Jātaka"	252
WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST? . <i>Lydia Maria Child</i>	255
ARNOLD WINKELRIED	258
THE TRAITOR GIRL	260
SIR THOMAS MORE <i>Selected</i>	263
THE PARTNERS <i>F. J. Gould</i>	268
MARCH <i>William Wordsworth</i>	273
HOW THE MOON BECAME BEAU- TIFUL <i>Mary Hayes Davis and Chow-Leung</i>	274
THE SEA <i>Barry Cornwall</i>	279

THE GOLDEN PATH BOOK

THE INVADED CITY

Once there was an invaded city. You know what that means. The forces of the enemy were encamped on all sides of it, some of the soldiers in tents, some in the woods, some in mines that they were digging in the ground. They were all trying to get inside the city, and the people of the city were trying to keep them out. It was like the famous siege of Troy. Every rock, every bush, had an invader behind it. The enemy fired from the shelter of the long grass, and from behind the trees.

At last, a wise man in the city said: "We shall never be able to fight the enemy victoriously until we cut down all this grass, and burn all these bushes, and clear away the trees around our walls." And

that is what they did. Every soldier went out with a gun in one hand, and a scythe or an ax in the other, and they made a space all about the walls so that there was no place for an enemy to hide. Thus they compelled their foes to fight in the open, and presently they had a fair battle and beat them.

One day after Jack Raymond had read this story he picked up one of his school books and read that our worst enemies are microbes, — little bugs, so small that they cannot be seen except with a microscope. He read, also, that they are all the time invading our bodies, trying to get in, and that when they do get in, they make us sick. As Jack kept on reading he learned that a great number of our diseases are caused by microbes, and that the microbes make their attack like the enemies that fight from behind the bushes. They hide in every particle of dirt. So Jack said to himself: "Well, if that is true, the only safe thing for me to do is to make a clean space around me by keeping off the dirt.

Microbes are afraid of soap and water, and this book says that they hate a clean towel as much as soldiers hate smokeless powder, and that they run when they are chased with a clothes brush. I don't want to be sick; so, General Microbe, I don't intend to let your filthy soldiers have a chance to attack me from behind the dirt on my hands or clothes."

THE BLACK PRINCE AT THE BATTLE OF CRÉCY

IN THE YEAR 1346

One of the bravest and best-loved kings that England ever had was King Edward the Third. He was a wise man, just and kind to his own people, but he was very fond of war; and, like most warriors, he was, now and then, very cruel.

He had a son who was so gentle and brave and handsome that all men loved him; and, as he wore black armor, they called him the Black Prince.

When King Edward's uncle, the king of

France, died and left no son, Edward thought that he had a right to the French throne; and when his cousin was chosen king instead of himself, he went over to France and made war against the new king.

The Black Prince, who was then sixteen years old, went with his father; and they won many battles against the French, one of which, called the battle of Crécy, I am going to tell you about now.

The English had come to a village called Crécy, which is in the north of France, when they heard that the French king, with an army three times as large as theirs, was coming up to fight them. So the English king told his soldiers to halt, and with great skill he drew them up in line of battle on a hill-side near Crécy.

As he rode from rank to rank, cheering his soldiers and giving his orders, he looked so noble and brave that every man felt sure he would win the battle. When he had seen that his soldiers were in good trim and ready for the fight, he told them to sit down, eat, and rest themselves, and gave

orders for every man to have a cup of good wine.

As the French came in sight, the English leaped to their feet, with a great shout, and would have rushed to meet them, but the king kept them in check. "Steady, men, steady!" he said; "there must be no noise, no breaking of your ranks." Then the soldiers stood still and waited in silence for the coming of the French.

But while they were still far off, big black clouds came sweeping across the sky, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and the rain came pelting down. Then the sky grew clear again, and the sun shone out bright and warm, for it was a summer afternoon. As soon as the storm was over, the French archers, who were in front of the army, came on with a shout and let fly their arrows at the English. But the rain had wet their bowstrings, and their arrows all fell short.

Then the English archers, who had kept their bows dry in cases, drew their bowstrings to their ears and took good aim. The arrows fell thick and fast, as you have seen

the snowflakes fall on a winter day, and pierced the faces and hands and bodies of the Frenchmen through and through. No men could have stood up against a fire so true and fierce, and the French bowmen soon turned on their heels and ran.

But the French horsemen came bravely on. They spurred their horses into the midst of the English, and kept up a fierce fight until dusk. The Black Prince, who led the English knights, drove the French back again and again; but as fast as some were beaten back, more came on, and it was hard work for the prince to hold his ground. A knight who saw what danger he was in rode off to the king, who was watching the battle, and asked him to send help to the prince.

"Is my son killed or hurt?" said the king.

"No, sire," said the knight.

"Then tell him," said the king, "he shall have no help from me. Let the boy win the battle himself, and the glory of the day shall be his."

The king's words gave the prince and his soldiers more courage. They dashed at the French with all their might. The French king was wounded, and fled for his life; his best captains were cut down and killed; and as darkness came on, the whole French army turned and ran away, leaving thousands of their comrades dead upon the field.

It was dark, and camp fires had been lighted and the torches were blazing when the king came forth to meet his son. He took the boy in his arms, and, clasping him to his breast, said to him :

“ My son, my dear son, may God give you grace to go on as you have begun. You have done nobly this day, and shown that you are worthy to be a king.”

The boy looked down and blushed, saying that all the praise was due to his father ; and when King Edward saw how brave his son had been in battle, and how modest he was after it, this gave him more joy than the great victory of Crécy.

Among those killed in the battle was the old blind king of Bohemia. When he found

that the French were losing, he asked the knights who were near him to lead him into the thick of the fight, so that he might



strike at least one good blow. They did so, and he fell.

Young Edward took for his crest, three ostrich feathers, and for his motto, two

German words, meaning "I serve"; and these are the crest and motto of the Prince of Wales to this day. You may be sure that the English were very proud of their brave young prince.

This battle of Crécy was only one of the many victories that were won by the Black Prince. His goodness and gentleness made everybody love him, and his valor in battle gave the English hopes that he would prove as good a king as his father. This brave prince did not live to be king of England, but died in 1376. The very next year his father died, having reigned fifty-one years.

ALBERT F. BLAISDELL. *Adapted.*

FEIGNED COURAGE

Horatio, of ideal courage vain,
Was flourishing in air his father's cane,
And, as the fumes of valor swell'd his pate,
Now thought himself *this* hero, and now *that*:
"And now," he cried, "I will Achilles be;
My sword I brandish; see, the Trojans flee!
Now I'll be Hector, when his angry blade

A lane through heaps of slaughter'd Gre-
cians made !

And now my deeds, still, braver I'll evince,

I am no less than

Edward the

Black Prince.

Give way, ye cow-
ard French !”

As thus he
spoke,

And aim'd in
fancy a suf-
ficient stroke

To fix the fate of
Crécy or Poic-
tiers

(The Muse relates
the Hero's fate
with tears),

He struck his
milk-white
hand against a
nail,

Sees his own

blood, and feels his courage fail.



Ah! where is now that boasted valor flown,
That in the tented field so late was shown?
Achilles weeps, great Hector hangs his head,
And the Black Prince goes whimpering to
bed.

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

THE WOLF AND THE FOX

A wolf once made friends with a fox, and kept him always by him. Whatever the wolf commanded, the fox was obliged to do, because he was the weaker, and could not, therefore, be the master. It happened, one day, that they were both passing through a wood, and the wolf said, "Red fox, find me something to eat, or I shall eat you."

"Well," replied the fox, "I know a farm-yard near, in which there are two young lambs; if you like I will go and fetch one." The wolf was content, so the fox went to the field, stole the lamb, and brought it to the wolf; he then returned to find something for himself.

The wolf soon ate up the lamb, but he

was not satisfied, and began to long so much for the other lamb, that he went to fetch it himself. But he managed so awkwardly that the mother of the lamb saw him, and began to cry and bleat fearfully, and the farmer came running out to see what was the matter. The wolf got so terribly beaten that he ran limping and howling back to the fox. "You have led me into a pretty mess!" he said. "I wanted the other lamb, and because I went to fetch it, the farmer has nearly killed me."

"Why are you such a glutton, then?" replied the fox.

Another day, as they were in a field, the greedy wolf exclaimed, "Red fox, if you don't find me something to eat, I shall eat you up."

"Oh! I can get you some pancakes, if you like," the fox said; "for I know a farmhouse where the wife is frying them now."

So they went on together, and the fox sneaked into the house, sniffed, and smelt about for some time, until at last he found out where the dish stood. Then he dragged

six pancakes from it, and brought them to the wolf.



“Now you have something to eat,” said the fox, and went away to find his own dinner.

The wolf, however, swallowed the pancakes in the twinkling of an eye, and said to himself, "They taste so good that I must have some more." So he went into the farm kitchen, and, while pulling down the pancakes, upset the dish, and broke it into pieces.

The farmer's wife heard the crash, and hurried in. When she saw the wolf, she called loudly for the farm servants, who came rushing in, and beat him with whatever they could lay their hands upon, so that, howling terribly he ran back to the fox in the wood with two lame legs.

"How could you play me such an unkind trick?" he said. "The farmer nearly caught me, and he has given me such a thrashing."

"Well, then," replied the fox, "you should not be such a glutton."

On another day, when the wolf and the fox were out together, and the wolf was limping with fatigue, he said, "Red fox, find me something to eat, or I shall eat you."

The fox replied, "I know a man who has been slaughtering cattle to-day; and there is a quantity of salted meat lying in a tub in the cellar. I can fetch some of that."

"No," said the wolf; "let me go with you this time. You can help me if I cannot run away fast enough."

"You may come for aught I care," replied Reynard, and on the way he showed him many of his tricks; and at last they reached the cellar safely.

There was meat in abundance. The wolf made himself quite at home, and said, "There will be time enough to stop when I hear any sound."

The fox also enjoyed himself; but he kept looking around now and then; and often ran to the hole through which they had entered to see whether it was still large enough for his body to slip through.

"Dear fox," said the wolf, "why are you running about and jumping here and there so constantly?"

"I must see whether any one is coming,"

replied the cunning animal, "and I advise you not to eat too much."

The wolf replied, "I am not going away from here until the tub is empty."

At this moment in came the farmer, who had heard the fox jumping about in the cellar. The fox no sooner saw him than, with a spring, he disappeared through the hole. The wolf made an attempt to follow him, but he had eaten so much, and was so fat that he stuck fast. The farmer, on seeing this, fetched a cudgel and killed him on the spot. The fox ran home to his den full of joy that he was at last set free from the old glutton's company.

GRIMM.

TENDING THE FURNACE

"Jack," said his Uncle William, "I have a conundrum for you."

"All right," said Jack, "I am ready."

"It's a hard one," said Uncle William.

"All right," said Jack again. "That's the kind I like."

“ Well,” continued Uncle William, “ why is a furnace like a man ? ”

Jack thought a long time, and finally said :
“ I give it up.”

“ Well,” said his uncle, “ in the first place, the furnace must be fed. It eats coal. It must have just the right kind of coal, and at just the right times, and not too much of it, nor too little. If the pieces of coal are too big, or if the fireman piles them in and piles them in,—and the furnace eats too fast,—the top of the fire will be black instead of red. It should be red.

“ If the furnace were to eat shingles instead of coal, they would blaze up in a minute and that would be the last of them. They would not give any strong, working heat. It would be like feeding children with cake instead of bread, and candy instead of meat.

“ The furnace must have a chance to breathe. No matter how good the coal is, it will not burn well without a draft. The windows of the furnace must be open. When the window of the cold-air box is closed, the furnace is dull and slow, like people who sleep

in rooms with the windows shut. Both furnaces and people are poisoned by breathing the same air over again.

“Another need of a furnace is to be kept clean. That is necessary even in a cellar, but still more so in a mill where machinery depends upon it. The mill workers are busy all the time cleaning and polishing the machines. No machine will work well, no fire will burn well, unless it is clean.

“Thus the furnace is like ourselves. Our bodies are wonderful and delicate machines, with furnaces to keep them working. Right eating, right breathing, right bathing, are the ways in which we tend the furnace.”

THE JACKAL AND THE SPRING

I

Once upon a time all the streams and rivers ran so dry that the animals did not know how to get water. After a very long search, which was quite in vain, they found a tiny spring, which only wanted to be dug

deeper so as to yield plenty of water. So the beasts said to each other, "Let us dig a well, and then we shall not fear to die of thirst;" and they all consented except the jackal, who hated work of any kind, and generally got somebody to do it for him.

When they had finished their well, they held a council to decide who should be



made the guardian of the well, so that the jackal might not come near it, for, they said, "he would not work, therefore he shall not drink."

After some talk it was decided that the

rabbit should be left in charge; then all the other beasts went back to their homes.

When they were out of sight the jackal arrived. "Good morning! Good morning, rabbit!" The rabbit politely said, "Good morning!" Then the jackal unfastened the little bag that hung at his side, pulled out of it a piece of honeycomb, which he began to eat, and, turning to the rabbit, he remarked:

"As you see, rabbit, I am not thirsty in the least, and this is nicer than any water."

"Give me a bit?" asked the rabbit. So the jackal handed him a very little morsel.

"Oh, how good it is!" cried the rabbit; "give me a little more, dear friend!"

But the jackal answered, "If you really want me to give you some more, you must have your paws tied behind you, and lie on your back, so that I can pour it into your mouth."

The rabbit did as he was bid, and when he was tied tight and popped on his back the jackal ran to the spring and drank as

much as he wanted. When he had quite finished he returned to his den.

In the evening the animals all came back, and when they saw the rabbit lying with his paws tied, they said to him, "Rabbit, how did you let yourself be taken in like this?"

"It was all the fault of the jackal," replied the rabbit; "he tied me up like this, and told me that he would give me something nice to eat. It was all a trick to get at our water."

"Rabbit, you are no better than an idiot to have let the jackal drink our water when he would not help to find it. Who shall be our next watchman? We must have somebody a little sharper than you!" and the little hare called out, "I will be the watchman."

II

The following morning the animals all went their various ways, leaving the little hare to guard the spring. When they were out of sight the jackal came back. "Good morning! good morning, little hare," and

the little hare politely said, "Good morning."

"Can you give me a pinch of snuff?" said the jackal.

"I am so sorry, but I have none," answered the little hare.

The jackal then came and sat down by the little hare, and unfastened his little bag, pulling out of it a piece of honeycomb. He licked his lips and exclaimed, "Oh, little hare, if you only knew how good it is!"

"What is it?" asked the little hare.

"It is something that moistens my throat so deliciously," answered the jackal, "that after I have eaten it I do not feel thirsty any more, while I am sure that all you other beasts are forever wanting water."

"Give me a bit, dear friend?" asked the little hare.

"Not so fast," replied the jackal. "If you really wish to enjoy what you are eating, you must have your paws tied behind you, and lie on your back, so that I can pour it into your mouth."

"You can tie them, only be quick," said the little hare, and when he was tied tight and popped on his back, the jackal went quietly down to the well, and drank as much as he wanted. When he had quite finished he returned to his den.

In the evening the animals all came back, and when they saw the little hare with his paws tied, they said to him: "Little hare, how did you let yourself be taken in like this? Didn't you boast you were very sharp? You undertook to guard our water; now show us how much is left for us to drink!"

"It is all the fault of the jackal," replied the little hare. "He told me that he would give me something nice to eat if I would just let him tie my paws behind my back."

Then the animals said, "Whom can we trust to mount guard now?" And the panther answered, "Let it be the tortoise."

The following morning the animals all went their various ways, leaving the tortoise to guard the spring. When they were

out of sight the jackal came back. "Good morning, tortoise! good morning."

But the tortoise took no notice.

"Good morning, tortoise! good morning." But still the tortoise pretended not to hear.

Then the jackal said to himself, "Well, to-day I have only got to manage a bigger idiot than before. I shall just kick him on one side, and then go and have a drink." So he went up to the tortoise and said to him in a soft voice, "Tortoise! tortoise!" but the tortoise took no notice. Then the jackal kicked him out of the way, and went to the well and began to drink, but scarcely had he touched the water, than the tortoise seized him by the leg. The jackal shrieked out: "Oh, you will break my leg!" but the tortoise only held on the tighter. The jackal then took his bag and tried to make the tortoise smell the honeycomb he had inside; but the tortoise turned away his head and smelt nothing. At last the jackal said to the tortoise, "I should like to give you my bag and everything in it," but the only

answer the tortoise made was to grasp the jackal's leg tighter still.

So matters stood when the other animals came back. The moment he saw them, the jackal gave a violent tug, managed to free his leg, and then took to his heels as fast as he could. And the animals all said to the tortoise :

“ Well done, tortoise, you have proved your courage ; now we can drink from our well in peace, since you have got the better of that thieving jackal ! ”

ANDREW LANG. *Adapted.*

THE CAMEL'S NOSE

Once in his shop a workman wrought,
With languid hand and listless thought,
When through the open window's space,
Behold ! a camel thrust his face :

“ My nose is cold,” he meekly cried ;
“ Oh, let me warm it by thy side ! ”

Since no denial word was said,
In came the nose, in came the head ;
As sure as sermon follows text,

The long and scraggy neck came next;
And then, as falls the threatening storm,
In leaped the whole ungainly form.

Aghast the owner gazed around,
And on the rude invader frowned,
Convinced, as closer still he pressed,
There was no room for such a guest;
Yet more astonished heard him say,
"If thou art troubled, go away,
For in this place I choose to stay."

LYDIA HUNTLY SIGOURNEY.

A BRAVE SCOT

There are many stories of brave deeds done on the field of Waterloo. In one of the terrible cavalry charges, when the Highlanders were ordered to fall back, the sergeant who bore the colors was shot dead and fell into a ditch. The French horsemen were rushing down upon them, and in another moment the colors of the regiment might fall into the hands of the enemy.

A stalwart Highlander, who saw the danger, leaped into the ditch to take the colors

from the dead man's hands. But it was in vain; even in death the sergeant held his colors with a grip of iron. What was to be done? There was not a moment to lose. The Highlander did not hesitate. Taking up his comrade — flag and all — he lifted him to his back and hurried away with him just as the French horsemen reached the ditch.

The captain of the French cavalry, seeing the brave deed, shouted to his men, "Halt!" Every man of the troop reined in his horse and sat looking at the gallant Highlander; and as the brave fellow made off with the colors, they cheered him with a wild hurrah, shouting, "Bravo, Scot!"

ALBERT F. BLAISDELL. *Adapted.*

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.



Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,

With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;

Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE SNAIL AND THE ROSE TREE

Around the garden ran a hedge of hazels;
beyond this hedge lay fields and meadows,
in which were cows and sheep; but in the
midst of the garden stood a blooming rose
tree; and under this rose tree lived a snail,
who had a good deal in his shell — namely,
himself.

“Wait until my time comes!” he said:
“I shall do something more than produce
roses, bear nuts, or give milk, like the rose
tree, the hazel bush, and the cows!”

"I expect a great deal from you," said the rose tree. "But may I ask when it will appear?"

"I take my time," replied the snail. "You're always in such a hurry. You don't arouse people's interest by suspense."

When the next year came, the snail lay in almost the same spot, in the sunshine under the rose tree, which again bore buds that bloomed into roses, until the snow fell, and the weather became raw and cold; then the rose tree bowed his head, and the snail crept into the ground.

A new year began; and the roses came out, and the snail came out also.

"You're an old rose tree now!" said the snail. "You must make haste and come to an end, for you have given the world all that was in you; whether it was of any use is a question that I have had no time to consider; but this much is clear and plain, that you have done nothing at all for your own development, or you would have produced something else. How can you answer

that? In a little time you will be nothing at all but a stick. Do you understand what I say?"

"You alarm me!" replied the rose tree. "I never thought of that at all."

"No, you have not taken the trouble to consider anything. Have you ever wondered why you bloomed, and how it is that your blooming comes about—why it is thus, and not otherwise?"

"No," answered the rose tree. "I bloomed in gladness, because I could not do anything else. The sun shone and warmed me, and the air refreshed me. I drank the pure dew and the fresh rain, and I lived, I breathed.

"Out of the earth there arose a power within me, from above there came down a strength: I felt a new, ever increasing happiness, and consequently I was obliged to bloom over and over again; that was my life; I could not do otherwise."

"You have led a very pleasant life," observed the snail.

"Certainly. Everything I have was given

to me," said the rose tree. "But more still was given to you. You are one of those deep, thoughtful characters, one of those highly gifted spirits, which will cause the world to marvel."

"I've no intention of doing anything of the kind," cried the snail. "The world is nothing to me. What have I to do with the world? I have enough to interest me in myself."

"But must not all of us here on earth give to others the best that we have, and offer what lies in our power? Certainly I have given only roses. But you — you who have been so richly gifted — what have you given to the world? — what do you intend to give?"

"What have I given? — what do I intend to give? I scorn the world. It is worth nothing. It is no business of mine. Continue to give your roses, if you like: you can do nothing better.

"Let the hazel bush bear nuts, and the cows and ewes give milk; they have their public; but I have mine within myself —

I retire into myself, and there I remain.
The world is nothing to me."

And so saying the snail retired into his house, and closed up the entrance after him.



"That is very sad!" said the rose tree.
"I cannot creep into myself, even if I wish it — I must continue to produce roses. They drop their leaves, and are blown away by the wind.

"But I saw that a rose was laid in the matron's hymn-book, and that one of my

roses had a place on the bosom of a fair young girl, and another was kissed by the lips of a child in the full joy of life. That did me good ; it was a real blessing. That is my remembrance — my life ! ”

And the rose tree went on blooming in innocence, while the snail lay and idled away his time in his house, for the world did not concern him.

And years rolled by.

The snail had become dust in the dust, and the rose tree was earth in the earth ; the rose of remembrance in the hymn-book was faded, but in the garden bloomed fresh rose trees, and under the trees lay new snails ; and these still crept into their houses, and scorned the world, for it did not concern them.

Suppose we begin the story again, and read it straight through. Its meaning will never alter.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE CADMUS OF THE BLIND

There is an old story that relates how Cadmus, sailing from the land of Tyre and Sidon into Greece, brought the alphabet with him. Thus the Greeks learned how to write and read. But they had eyes with which to see. Who would venture into that region of perpetual darkness where the blind live, to carry the alphabet to them? This was done at last, in our own country, by Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe.

Everybody knows that Mrs. Howe wrote the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Not so many people know that Dr. Howe said, "Difficulties are things to be overcome," and illustrated the saying by teaching Laura Bridgman to read.

Laura Bridgman was deaf and dumb and blind. All the gates to her mind were tightly shut. She seemed to be a prisoner in the dark for life. Dr. Howe found her in Hanover, New Hampshire, when she was a child of seven. Then the experiment began :

She was made to feel of different articles, knives, forks, spoons. On each of these was pasted a label bearing the name of the thing in raised letters. The blind girl felt of the thing, and then felt of the name. Gradually, with great patience, she learned to connect the two. When she felt the word "key," she knew that it meant key. Then little by little, the letters were taken apart from the words, and put together again.

One day there came into Laura Bridgman's mind the idea that if she wanted a spoon she could get it by choosing the letters that spelled "spoon." After that, the work was slow but easy, and the time came when the blind and deaf and dumb child could read.

Later, Dr. Howe taught Helen Keller, and other persons, and now his method is a part of common education. "Difficulties," he said, "are things to be overcome." He overcame them by patience and perseverance, keeping on and on, and refusing to be discouraged.

THE BUILDERS

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

HAARLEM'S BOY HERO

Long ago, in a country across the sea,
two boys went out to play. They wandered from the town and soon came into the open fields. It was not long before they found a beautiful spot where field flowers were in bloom. Here they stopped to play. The place was near a dike. Per-

haps you do not know what a dike is, so I will tell you. The country in which the two boys lived was Holland. Much of



Holland lies below the level of the sea. So, unless the people built great walls to keep the waters back, the sea would overflow their country. It would flood their

towns and cities, their farms and gardens. It would destroy their houses and crops, and endanger the lives of the people themselves.

So the people build large, thick walls, which hold the sea back. Of course, they must be very strong or the tide would break them down when it rolls in, and the water would rush over the low lands. They call these walls dikes.

Now Hans—for that was the older boy's name—and his little brother were playing near one of these dikes. By and by Hans thought that he would climb to the top of the great wall. So up he went and was soon sitting on the top of the dike. His little brother kept on playing below.

Suddenly the younger boy saw a small hole in the wall. A very tiny current of water was bubbling through it. Indeed, it was so small that it could hardly be called a current.

"Oh!" exclaimed the small boy to his brother. "See the bubbles coming out of that hole!"

“Where?” shouted Hans quickly.
“Where do you see bubbles coming out of a hole?”

“There!” answered the little brother, pointing toward the hole in the dike.

Hans knew what that meant. He knew that there was danger there. He was old enough to understand that the hole would soon grow larger with the washing of the sea against the wall. It would not take long for it to break through and flood the land.

Hans slid quickly down the side of the dike. He looked at the hole for a moment, and saw the water slowly bubbling through. Of course he was alarmed. He looked now in this direction and now in that to see whether there was anybody near who might run to the town to tell the people. But no one was in sight. What could he do! He and his little brother were alone in the presence of a great danger. He could not repair the hole. Again he turned his eyes toward town and then toward the hole in the dike. It seemed to grow larger as he

looked, for the water now appeared to trickle rather than to bubble through it.



Hans saw that something must be done at once. Suddenly he stuck his finger into the hole. This kept the tiny stream back. Then he said to his brother Dietrig: "Hurry back to town and tell the people that there is a hole in the dike. I will stay here and stop the hole with my finger until some-one comes. Quick! Run as fast as you can!"

Off ran Dietrig as fast as his little legs could carry him. He knew from his brother's looks and words that something very serious was the matter, and that the

people ought to know it as soon as possible.

Hans kept his finger in the hole and watched his brother anxiously as he ran towards the town. Soon he was out of sight, and Hans sat down, determined to keep his finger in the dike until someone came to his help. But it was not an easy task. Soon his finger grew cold and numb. As he listened to the sound of the sea back of the wall he was afraid that it might break through before men came from the town to repair the dike. As the tide rose the waters began to pound against the wall. Poor Hans! there he was, all alone, trying with his small finger to keep back the mighty ocean!

But Hans was a brave lad. He did not allow his fears to overcome him. He would not leave his post and run, even though the sea might break through and drown him in the flood. Moments seemed hours to Hans. He looked again and again toward the town but he could see no one coming. His finger and hand grew colder, and soon the coldness

crept up his arm, until by and by the entire arm was numb. It was not long before the numbness changed to an ache, and soon he was in pain from finger to shoulder.

Could he hold out much longer? He put his ear to the wall and heard the deep rumbling of the waters. It sounded as though they were determined to break through. Should he pull his finger out and run for safety? For a moment he hesitated. He was tempted to withdraw his finger and run away. But he knew what that would mean. He was aware that the safety of the town and the people depended upon him, and he made up his mind to stay there and die if necessary.

"Back! Stay back!" he said to the waters as they kept pounding against the wall. "You shall not break through here if I can help it." And as he said these words to himself, he looked again to see whether any one was in sight. How his heart leaped for joy as he saw far down the road a party of men hurrying forward. At last help was near, and Hans gave another

push, as if to thrust his finger still tighter into the hole.

Soon he heard the voices of the men. One was the voice of his father. They shouted, "We're coming! We're coming!" Hans took heart and stuck to his task, although he was in great pain. Nearer and nearer they came, bearing shovels and pick-axes. At last they were by Hans' side. They gave a loud cheer for the brave lad still sitting, with his finger stuck tightly in the hole of the wall. He was pale and almost exhausted.

The men lifted Hans up tenderly, and soon repaired the dike. Again they cheered the boy. He was the hero of the hour. He had saved the town from destruction and the people from death. The men put him on their shoulders and carried him to town; and in Haarlem the people still tell the story of Hans, the hero.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT!

I

"Boys," said Mr. Gresham one morning, "if you have nothing else to do, will you unpack these parcels for me?"

The two parcels were just alike, and both were well tied up with good whipcord. Ben took his parcel to a table, looked carefully at the knot, and began to untie it.

Hal stood still, with the parcel in his hands, and tried to pull the string off by force.

"I wish these people would not tie their parcels so tightly!" he cried, as he tugged at the cord. But the harder he pulled, the tighter he drew the knot.

"Why, Ben, how did you get yours undone so quickly? I wish that I could get this string off! I must cut it."

"Oh, no!" said Ben, who had now untied the last knot of his parcel; "don't cut it, Hal! It is a pity to do that."

"Pooh!" said Hal, "who cares for a bit of string?"

"It is whipcord!" replied Ben.

"Well, whipcord, then! You can get a piece of whipcord twice the length of this for a halfpenny! So here goes!" With that, he drew his knife, and cut the cord in several places.

"Well, boys, have you untied the parcels for me?" asked their uncle.

"Yes!" cried Hal, dragging off the pieces of string. "Here is mine!"

"Here is mine, too," answered Ben; "and here is the string."

"You may keep the string," said his uncle.

"Thank you," replied Ben. "What a fine piece of whipcord it is!"

"You may keep your string, too, Hal, if it will be of any use to you. But I am afraid it will not, if this is it," said Mr. Gresham, picking up the knotted pieces of Hal's cord.

A few days after this, Mr. Gresham gave each of the boys a new top.

"How is this?" said Hal. "These tops have no strings. What shall we do for strings?"

"I have a string that will do very well for mine," said Ben; and he pulled out of his pocket the long, smooth string that he had taken from the parcel.

"Oh, how I wish I had a string!" said

Hal. "What shall I do? I'll tell you what; I will use the cord that goes around my hat!"

But the cord was so soft that it was soon worn through, and Hal was left without a string for his top, or a cord for his hat.



II

Some time after this, there was a shooting match, with bows and arrows, among the boys who lived in that part of the country. Hal and Ben were asked to take part in it. The prize was a very handsome bow.

“Come! come!” cried a young gentleman, called Master Green. “I’m within an inch of the mark! Who can do better than that?”

It was now Hal’s turn. He came up with a fine bow in his hands, and began to get ready to shoot.

Master Green, who felt certain of the prize, called out to him, “Do you know the rules, Hal? You are to have three shots with your own bow and your own arrows. Nobody is to borrow, and nobody is to lend. Now, shoot away!”

Hal drew his bow and shot. The arrow struck very close to Master Green’s mark. A quarter of an inch nearer and he would certainly win the prize.

Hal seized his second arrow. “If I have any luck!” he cried. But just as he said the word *luck*, the string broke, and the bow fell from his hands. “There! it’s all over with you!” cried Master Green, laughing.

It was now Ben’s turn to shoot. His first arrow flew wide of the mark; his

second struck just as close as Hal's had done. No one else but Master Green had shot half so well.

"You have but one more!" cried that young gentleman. "Now for it!"

But before he shot his last arrow, Ben tried the string; as he pulled it back, it broke in his hands. Master Green laughed and danced for joy; he felt quite sure of the prize now.

But he soon stopped laughing when he saw Ben draw from his pocket a long, smooth cord, and begin to tie it to his bow. "Well! well!" cried Hal; "there is that whipcord again."

"Yes," said Ben, as he fastened it to his bow; "I put it in my pocket this morning, because I thought that I might need it." As he spoke, he drew his bow for the third and last time. The arrow flew straight to the mark.

There was no doubt about it. Ben had won the prize. All the boys, except Hal and Master Green, shouted for joy because Ben had done so well.

That evening Hal said, "How lucky you have been with that whipcord, Ben!"

"It has brought him luck because he took care of it," said Mr. Gresham.

"That is true," said Hal. "I see that it is a good thing to have two strings to one's bow."

"Yes; and to remember the motto, *Waste not, want not!*" said Mr. Gresham.

MARIA EDGEWORTH. *Adapted.*

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BLUNDER

I

Blunder was going to the Wishing-Gate, to wish for a pair of Shetland ponies, and a little coach, like Tom Thumb's.

And of course you can have your wish, if you once get there. But the difficult thing is to find the place; for it is not, as you imagine, a great gate, with a tall marble pillar on each side, and a sign over the top, like this, WISHING-GATE, — but just an old stile, made of three sticks.

Put up two fingers, cross them on the top with another finger, and you have it exactly, — the way it looks, I mean, — a worm-eaten stile in a meadow; and, as there are plenty of old stiles in meadows, how are you to know which is the one?

Blunder's fairy godmother knew, but then she could not tell him, for that was not according to fairy rules and regulations. She could only direct him to follow the road, and to ask the way of the first owl he

met. And over and over she warned him, — for Blunder was a very careless little boy, and seldom found anything, — “Be sure you don’t miss him, — be sure you don’t pass him by.”

And so far Blunder succeeded very well, for the road was straight; but at the turn it forked. Should he go through the wood, or turn to the right?

There was an owl nodding in a tall oak tree, the first owl Blunder had seen. But he was a little afraid to wake him up, for the fairy godmother had told him that this was a great philosopher, who sat up all night to study the habits of frogs and mice, and knew everything but what went on in the daylight under his nose. Blunder could think of nothing better to say to this great philosopher than this: —

“Good Mr. Owl, will you please show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?”

“Eh! what’s that?” cried the owl, starting out of his nap. “Have you brought me a frog?”

“No,” said Blunder. “I did not know

that you wanted one. Can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"Wishing-Gate! Wishing-Gate!" hooted the owl in a very angry tone. "Winks and naps! how dare you disturb me for such a thing as that? Do you take me for a milestone! Follow your nose, sir, follow your nose!" and, ruffling up his feathers, the owl was asleep again in a moment.

But how *could* Blunder follow his nose? His nose would turn to the right, or take him through the woods, whichever way his legs went. "What was the use of asking the owl," thought Blunder, "if *this* was all he could tell me?" While he hesitated, a chipmunk came scurrying down the path, and, seeing Blunder, stopped short with a little squeak.

"Good Mrs. Chipmunk," said Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"I can't, indeed," answered the chipmunk, politely. "What with getting in nuts, and the care of a young family, I have so little time to visit anything! But

if you will follow the brook, you will find an old water sprite under a slanting stone, over which the water pours all day with a noise like wabble! wabble! He can tell you all about it, I have no doubt. You will know him, for he does nothing but grumble about the good old times when a brook would have dried up before it would have turned a mill wheel."

So Blunder went on up the brook, and, seeing nothing of the water sprite, or the slanting stone, was just saying to himself, "I am sure I don't know where he is,— I can't find him," when he spied a frog sitting on a wet stone.

"Mr. Frog," asked Blunder, "can you tell me the way to the Wishing-Gate?"

"I cannot," said the frog. "I am very sorry, but the fact is, I am a musician. Young as I am, my voice is already remarked at our concerts, and I devote myself so entirely to my profession of music that I have no time to acquire general information. But in a pine tree beyond you will find an old crow who, I am quite sure,

can show you the way, as he is a great traveler, and a bird of an inquiring turn of mind."

"I don't know where the pine is, — I am sure I can never find him," answered Blunder, discontentedly. But still he went on up the brook, till, hot and tired, and out of patience at seeing neither crow nor pine, he sat down under a great tree to rest. There he heard tiny voices squabbling.

"Get out! Go away, I tell you! It has been knock! knock! knock! at my door all day, until I am tired out. First a wasp, and then a bee, and then another wasp, and then another bee, and now *you*. Go away! I won't let another one in to-day."

"But I want my honey."

"And I want my nap."

"I will come in."

"You shall not."

"You are a miserly old elf."

"And you are a brute of a bee."

And looking about him, Blunder spied a bee, quarreling with a morning-glory elf,

who was shutting up the morning-glory in his face.



“Elf, do you know which is the way to the Wishing-Gate?” asked Blunder.

“No,” said the elf, “I don’t know anything about geography. I was always too

delicate to study. But if you will keep on this path, you will meet the Dream-man, coming down from fairyland, with his bags of dreams on his shoulder, and if anybody can tell you about the Wishing-Gate, he can."

"But how can I find him?" asked Blunder, more and more impatient.

"I don't know, I am sure," answered the elf, "unless you look for him."

So there was no help for it but to go on; and presently Blunder passed the Dream-man, asleep under a witch-hazel, with his bags of good and bad dreams laid over him to keep him from fluttering away.

But Blunder had a habit of not using his eyes; for at home, when he was told to find anything, he always said, "I don't know where it is," or, "I can't find it," and then his mother or sister went straight and found it for him. So he passed the Dream-man without seeing him, and went on until he stumbled on Jack-o'-Lantern.

"Can you show me the way to the Wishing-Gate?" said Blunder.

"Certainly, with pleasure," answered

Jack, and catching up his lantern, set out at once.

Blunder followed close, but, in watching the lantern, he forgot to look at his feet, and fell into a hole filled with black mud.

"I say! the Wishing-Gate is not down there," called out Jack, whisking off among the tree tops.

"But I can't come up there," whimpered Blunder.

"That is not my fault, then," answered Jack, merrily, dancing out of sight.

Oh, a very angry little boy was Blunder when he clambered out of the hole! "I don't know where it is," he said, crying; "I can't find it, and I'll go straight home."

II

Just then he stepped on an old, moss-grown, rotten stump. Now it happened, unluckily, that this rotten stump was a wood goblin's chimney. Blunder fell through, headlong, in among the pots and pans, in which the goblin's cook was cooking the goblin's supper.

The old goblin, who was asleep upstairs, started up in a fright at the tremendous clash and clatter. Finding that his house was not tumbling about his ears, as he thought at first, he stumped down to the kitchen to see what was the matter. The cook heard him coming, and looked about her in a fright to hide Blunder.

"Quick!" cried she. "If my master catches you, he will have you in a pie. In the next room stands a pair of shoes. Jump into them, and they will take you up the chimney."

Off flew Blunder, burst open the door, and tore frantically about the room. There in one corner stood the shoes. But of course he could not see them, because he was not in the habit of using his eyes. "I can't find them! Oh, I can't find them!" sobbed poor little Blunder, running back to the cook.

"Run into the closet," said the cook.

Blunder made a dash at the window, but — "I don't know where it is," he called out.

Clump! clump! That was the goblin, halfway down the stairs.

"Goodness gracious, mercy me!" exclaimed the cook. "He is coming. The boy will be eaten, in spite of me. Jump into the meal chest."

"I don't see it," cried Blunder, rushing towards the fireplace. "Where is it?"

Clump! clump! That was the goblin at the foot of the stairs, coming toward the kitchen door.

"There is an invisible cloak hanging on that peg. Get into that," cried the cook, quite beside herself.

But Blunder could no more see the cloak than he could see the shoes, the closet, and the meal chest; and no doubt the goblin, whose hand was on the latch, would have found him prancing around the kitchen, and crying out, "I can't find it," but, fortunately for himself, Blunder caught his foot in the invisible cloak, and tumbled down, pulling the cloak over him. There he lay, hardly daring to breathe.

“What was all that noise about?” asked the goblin, gruffly, coming into the kitchen.



“Only my pans, master,” answered the cook. And as he could see nothing amiss, the old goblin went grumbling upstairs again, while the shoes took Blunder up the chimney, and landed him in a meadow, safe enough, but so miserable! He was cross, he was disappointed, he was hungry.

It was dark, he did not know the way home, and, seeing an old stile, he climbed

up, and sat down on the top of it, for he was too tired to stir. Just then the South Wind came along, with his pockets crammed full of showers, and, as he happened to be going Blunder's way, he took Blunder home.

Of course the little boy was glad enough, only he would have liked it better if the Wind had not laughed all the way. For what would you think, if you were walking along a road with a fat old gentleman who went chuckling to himself, and slapping his knees, and poking himself, until he was purple in the face, when he would burst out into a great windy roar of laughter every other minute?

"What *are* you laughing at?" asked Blunder, at last.

"At two things I saw in my travels," answered the Wind: "a hen, that died of starvation, sitting on an empty peck measure that stood in front of a bushel of grain; and a little boy who sat on the top of the Wishing-Gate, and came home because he could not find it."

"What? what's that?" cried Blunder.

But just then he found himself at home. There sat his fairy godmother by the fire,



her mouseskin cloak hung upon a peg. She was toeing off a spider's silk stocking an eighth of an inch long, and, though everybody else cried, "What luck?" and "Where is the Wishing-Gate?" she sat silent.

"I don't know where it is," answered Blunder. "I couldn't find it,"—and then he told the story of his troubles.

"Poor boy!" said his mother, kissing him, while his sister ran to bring him some bread and milk.

"Yes, that is all very fine," cried his godmother, pulling out her needles, and rolling up her ball of silk; "but now hear my story.

“There was once a little boy who must needs go to the Wishing-Gate, and his fairy godmother showed him the road as far as the turn, and told him to ask the first owl he met what to do then.

“But this little boy seldom used his eyes, so he passed the first owl and waked up the wrong owl; so he passed the water sprite, and found only a frog; so he sat down under the pine tree, and never saw the crow; so he passed the Dream-man, and ran after Jack-o’-Lantern; so he tumbled down the goblin’s chimney, and couldn’t find the shoes and the closet and the chest and the cloak; and so he sat on the top of the Wishing-Gate until the South Wind brought him home, and never knew it. Ugh! Bah!” And away went the fairy godmother up the chimney, in such deep disgust that she did not even stop for her mouseskin cloak.

LOUISE E. CHOLLET.

CASABIANCA

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;

The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though childlike form.



The flames rolled on — he would not go
Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud, " Say, father, say
If yet my task is done ? "

He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

“Speak, father!” once again he cried,
“If I may yet be gone!”

And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair;
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
“My father! must I stay?”
While o’er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

Then came a burst of thunder sound —
The boy — oh! where was he?
— Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strew the sea;

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part —
But the noblest thing that perished there
Was that young, faithful heart.

FELICIA HEMANS.

SO-SO

I

“Be sure, my child,” said the widow to her little daughter, “that you always do just as you are told.”

“Very well, Mother.”

“Or at any rate do what will do just as well,” said the small house dog, as he lay blinking at the fire.

“You darling!” cried little Joan, and she sat down on the hearth and hugged him. But he got up, shook himself, and moved three turns nearer the oven, to be out of the way; for, though her arms were soft, she had kept her doll in them, and that was made of wood, which hurts.

“What a dear, kind house dog you are!” said little Joan, and she meant what she

said, for it does feel pleasant to have the sharp edges of one's duty softened off for one a little.

He was no particular kind of dog, but he was very smooth to stroke, and had a nice way of blinking with his eyes, which it was soothing to see. There had been a difficulty about his name. The name of the house dog before him was Faithful, and it became him well, as his tombstone testified. The one before that was called Wolf. He was very wild, and ended his days on the gallows, for worrying sheep. The little house dog never chased anything to the widow's knowledge. There was no reason whatever for giving him a bad name, and she thought of several good ones, such as Faithful, and Trusty, and Keeper, which are fine old-fashioned titles, but none of these seemed to suit him quite perfectly. So he was called So-so; and a very nice, soft name it is.

The widow was only a poor woman, though she contrived by her industry to keep a decent home together, and to get

now one and now another little comfort for herself and her child.

One day she was going out on business, and she called her little daughter and said to her: "I am going out for two hours. You are too young to protect yourself and the house, and So-so is not as strong as Faithful was. But when I go, shut the house door and bolt the big wooden bar, and be sure that you do not open it for any reason whatever until I return. If strangers come, So-so may bark, which he can do as well as a bigger dog. Then they will go away. With this summer's savings I have bought a quilted petticoat for you and a flannel cloak for myself for the winter, and if I get the work I am going after to-day, I shall buy enough wool to knit warm stockings for us both. So be patient until I return, and then we will have the plum cake that is in the cupboard for tea."

"Thank you, Mother."

"Good-by, my child. Be sure to do just what I have told you," said the widow.

"Very well, Mother."

Little Joan laid down her doll, shut the house door, and fastened the big bolt. It was very heavy, and the kitchen looked gloomy when she had done it.

"I wish Mother had taken all three of us with her, and had locked the house and put the key in her big pocket, as she has done before," said little Joan, as she got into the rocking-chair, to put her doll to sleep.

"Yes, it would have done just as well," So-so replied, stretching himself on the hearth.

By and by Joan grew tired of hushabying the doll, who looked none the sleepier for it, and she took the three-legged stool and sat down in front of the clock to watch the hands. After a while she drew a deep sigh.

"There are sixty seconds in every single minute, So-so," said she.

"So I have heard," said So-so. He was snuffing in the pantry, — a thing that was not usually allowed.

"And sixty whole minutes in every hour, So-so."

"You don't say so!" growled So-so. He had not found a bit of anything, and the cake was on the top shelf. There was not so much as a spilt crumb, although he snuffed in every corner of the kitchen, until he stood snuffing under the house door.

"The air smells fresh," he said.

"It's a beautiful day, I know," said little Joan. "I wish Mother had allowed us to sit on the doorstep. We could have taken care of the house —"

"Just as well," said So-so.

Little Joan came to the keyhole to smell the air and, as So-so had said, it smelt very fresh. Besides, one could see from the window how fine the evening was.

"It's not exactly what Mother told us to do," said Joan, "but I do believe —"

"It would do just as well," said So-so.

By and by little Joan unfastened the bar, and opened the door, and she and the doll and So-so went and sat on the doorstep.

Not a stranger was to be seen. The sun shone delightfully, an evening sun, and not too hot. All day it had been ripening the

corn in the field close by, and this glowed and waved in the breeze.

"It does just as well, and better," said little Joan, "for if any one comes we can see him walking up the field path."

"Just so," said So-so, blinking in the sunshine.

Suddenly Joan jumped up.

"Oh!" cried she, "there's a bird, a big bird. Dear So-so, can you see him? I can't, because of the sun. What a queer noise he makes. Crake! crake! Oh, I see him now! He is not flying, he is running, and he has gone into the corn. I do wish I were in the corn! I would catch him, and put him into a cage."

"I'll catch him," said So-so, and he put up his tail, and started off.

"No, no!" cried Joan. "You are not to go. You must stay and take care of the house, and bark if any one comes."

"You could scream, and that would do just as well," replied So-so, with his tail still up.

"No, it wouldn't," cried little Joan.

"Yes, it would," said So-so.

II

Whilst they were bickering, an old woman came up to the door ; she had a brown face, and black hair, and a very old red cloak.



“ Good evening, my little dear,” said she.
“ Are you all at home this fine evening ? ”

“ Only three of us,” said Joan ; “ I, and my doll, and So-so. Mother has gone to the town on business, and we are taking care of the house, but So-so wants to go after the bird we saw run into the corn.”

"Was it a pretty bird, my little dear?" asked the old woman.

"It was a very curious one," said Joan, "and I should like to go after it myself, but we can't leave the house."

"Dear, dear! Is there no neighbor who would sit on the doorstep for you, and keep the house until you had just slipped down to the field after the curious bird?" said the old woman.

"I'm afraid not," said little Joan. "Old Martha, our neighbor, is now bedridden. Of course, if she had been able to mind the house instead of us, it would have done just as well."

"I have some distance to go this evening," said the old woman, "but I do not object to a few minutes' rest, and sooner than have you lose the bird I will sit on the doorstep to oblige you, while you run down to the cornfield."

"But can you bark if any one comes?" asked little Joan. "For if you can't, So-so must stay with you."

"I can call you and the dog if I see any

one coming, and that will do just as well," said the old woman.

"So it will," replied little Joan, and off she ran to the cornfield, where, for that matter, So-so had run before her, and was bounding and barking and springing among the wheat stalks.

They did not catch the bird, though they stayed longer than they had intended, and though So-so seemed to know more about hunting than was supposed.

"I daresay Mother has come home," said little Joan, as they went back up the field path. "I hope she won't think we ought to have stayed in the house."

"It was taken care of," said So-so, "and that must do just as well."

When they reached the house, the widow had not come home.

But the old woman had gone, and she had taken the quilted petticoat and the flannel cloak, and the plum cake from the top shelf away with her; and no more was ever heard of any of the lot.

"For the future, my child," said the

widow, "I hope you will always do just as you are told, whatever So-so may say."

"I will, Mother," said little Joan. And she always did. But the house dog sat and blinked. He dared not speak, because he was in disgrace.

I do not feel quite sure about So-so. Wild dogs often amend their ways far on this side of the gallows, and the Faithful sometimes fall; but when any one begins by being only So-so, he is very apt to be So-so to the end. So-sos so seldom change.

But this one was very soft and nice, and he got no cake that tea time. On the whole we will hope that he lived to be a Good Dog ever after.

JULIANA HORATIA EWING. *Adapted.*

REBECCA'S AFTERTHOUGHT

Yesterday, Rebecca Mason,
In the parlor by herself,
Broke a handsome china basin
Placed upon the mantel shelf.

Quite alarmed, she thought of going
Very quietly away,
Not a single person knowing
Of her being there that day.



But Rebecca recollected
She was taught deceit to shun ;
And the moment she reflected,
Told her mother what was done.

Who commended her behavior,
Loved her better and forgave her.

ELIZA TURNER.

SI-ME-QUONG

His queer name was Si-Me-Quong. But that was because he lived in China.

Even in China, some boys tell the truth and some tell lies. For truth and falsehood are just as easy—or as difficult—in Chinese as they are in English. But Si-Me-Quong was one of those who tell the truth.



At one time he had a bird that hopped about and sang to him, and ate rice from the ends of his fingers. Every morning the bird took a bath in the cold lake. But Si-Me-Quong, when *he* took a bath in the lake, shivered so that the drops of water flew about like rain driven by the wind. “The water is too cold for you,” said Si-Me-Quong to the bird. “See, here is some nice hot

water in this bowl. Come, bathe in this." But the bird would not go in. So the boy made him go. Then the bird lay down on the table, and shut his eyes, and that was the end of him. For the hot bath was not good for him.

By and by the bird was cold. Si-Me-Quong went to his mother to see what he could do. "Mother," he said, "I think that my bird needs a fur coat. He seems so cold."

"No," said his mother, "birds have feather coats to keep them warm."

"But my bird is very cold," said Si-Me-Quong.

Then his mother came to see the bird. "Si-Mi-Quong," she said, "what did you do?"

"I gave the bird a hot bath," said Si-Me-Quong.

HOW THE SUN, THE MOON, AND THE WIND WENT OUT TO DINNER

One day the Sun, the Moon, and the Wind went out to dine with their uncle and aunt, the thunder and lightning. Their



mother (one of the most distant stars you see far up in the sky) waited alone for her children's return.

Now both the Sun and the Wind were greedy and selfish. They enjoyed the great feast that had been prepared for them, without a thought of saving any of it to take home to their mother ; but the gentle Moon

did not forget her. Of every dainty dish that was brought around, she placed a small portion under one of her beautiful long finger nails, so that the Star might also have a share in the treat.

On their return, their mother, who had kept watch for them all night long with her little bright eye, said, "Well, children, what have you brought home for me?" Then the Sun (who was the eldest) said: "I have brought nothing home for you. I went out to enjoy myself with my friends, not to fetch a dinner for my mother!" And the Wind said: "Neither have I brought anything home for you, Mother. You could hardly expect me to bring a collection of good things for you when I merely went out for my own pleasure." But the Moon said, "Mother, fetch a plate; see what I have brought you." And, shaking her hands, she showered down such a choice dinner as never was seen before.

Then the Star turned to the Sun and spoke thus: "Because you went out to amuse yourself with your friends, and

feasted and enjoyed yourself without any thought of your mother at home, your rays shall ever be hot and scorching, and shall burn all that they touch. And men shall hate you and cover their heads when you appear."

(And that is why the Sun is so hot to this day.)

Then she turned to the Wind and said: "You also, who forgot your mother in the midst of your selfish pleasures, hear your doom. You shall always blow in the hot, dry weather, and shall parch and shrivel all living things. And men shall detest and avoid you from this very time."

(And that is why the Wind in the hot weather is still so disagreeable.)

But to the Moon she said: "Daughter, because you remembered your mother, and kept for her a share in your own enjoyment, from henceforth you shall be ever cool, and calm, and bright, and men shall always call you 'blessed.' "

(And that is why the Moon's light is so soft, and cool, and beautiful even to this day.)

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go;
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one,
sleeps.



Sleep and rest, sleep
and rest;
Father will come
to thee soon.
Rest, rest on
mother's breast;
Father will come
to thee soon.

Father will come to his babe in the nest;
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
sleep!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE BROWNIES

I

“Bairns are a burden,” said the Tailor to himself as he sat at work. He lived in a village on one of the glorious moors of the north of England; and by bairns he meant children, as every Northman knows.

“Bairns are a burden,” and he sighed.

“Bairns are a blessing,” said the old lady in the window. It was the Tailor’s mother who spoke. She was a very old woman, and helpless. She was past housework, but all day she sat knitting hearthrugs out of the bits and scraps of cloth that were shred in the tailoring.

“Bairns are a blessing!” said she. “It is the family motto.”

“Are they?” said the Tailor.

He had a high respect for his mother, and did not like to contradict her, but he held his own opinion.

“Look at Tommy,” he broke out suddenly. “That boy does nothing but whittle sticks from morning till night. I have almost to

lug him out of bed o' mornings. If I send him on an errand, he loiters; I'd better have gone myself. If I set him to do anything, I have to tell him everything; I could sooner do it myself. And if he does work, it's done so unwillingly, with such a poor grace; better, far better, to do it myself."

"There's Johnnie," murmured the old lady, dreamily. "He has a face like an apple."

"And is about as useful," said the Tailor. As the father spoke, the two boys entered. They were locked together by two grubby paws, and had each an armful of moss, which they dropped on the floor as they came in.

"I've swept this floor once to-day," said the father, "and I'm not going to do it again. Put that rubbish outside."

"Move it, Johnnie!" said his brother, seating himself on a stool, and taking out his knife and a piece of wood, at which he cut and sliced; while the apple-cheeked Johnnie stumbled and stamped over the moss, and scraped it out on the doorstep,

leaving long trails of earth behind him, and then sat down also.

"Is there any supper, Father?" asked Tommy.

"No, there is not, sir, unless you know how to get it," said the Tailor; and taking his pipe, he went out of the house.

"Is there really nothing to eat, Granny?" asked the boy.

"No, my bairn, only some bread for breakfast to-morrow."

"What makes Father so cross, Granny?"

"He's wearied, and you don't help him, my dear."

"What could I do, Grandmother?"

"Many little things, if you tried," said the old lady. "He spent half an hour to-day while you were on the moor, getting turf for the fire, and you could have got it just as well."

"He never told me," said Tommy.

"You might help me a bit, just now, if you would, my laddie," said the old lady, coaxingly; "these bits of cloth want tearing into lengths, and if you get them ready, I can

go on knitting. There'll be some food when this mat is done and sold."

"I'll try," said Tommy. "Hold my knife, Johnnie. Will that do, Granny?"

The old lady put down her knitting and looked. "My dear, that's too short. Mercy! I gave the lad a piece to measure by."

"I thought it was the same length. Oh, dear! I am so tired and so hungry." The boy's eyes filled with tears.

"What can I do for you, my poor bairns?" said the grandmother.

"Tell us a tale, Granny. If you told us a new one, I shouldn't keep thinking of that bread in the cupboard. Tell us about the Brownie, please. What was he like?"

"Like a little man, they say, my dear."

"What did he do?"

"He came in before the family was up, and swept up the hearth, and lighted the fire, and set out breakfast, and tidied the room, and did all sorts of housework. But he never would be seen, and was off before they could catch him. But they could hear

him laughing and playing about the house sometimes."

"How nice! Did they give him any wages, Granny?"



"No! my dear. He did it for love. They set a pan of clear water for him over night, and now and then a bowl of bread and milk, or cream."

"O Granny! why did he go?"

"The Old Owl knows, my dear; I don't."

"Who's the Old Owl, Granny?"

"I don't exactly know, my dear. Many people used to go and consult the Old Owl at moonrise, in my young days."

"But tell us more about Brownie, please," said Johnnie. "Did he ever live with anybody else?"

"There are plenty of Brownies, or used to be. Some houses had several."

"Oh! I wish ours would come back!" cried both the boys in chorus. "He'd —"

"tidy the room," said Johnnie;

"fetch the turf," said Tommy;

"pick up the chips," said Johnnie;

"sort your scraps," said Tommy;

"and do everything. Oh! I wish he hadn't gone away."

"What's that?" said the Tailor, coming in at this moment.

"It's the Brownie, Father," said Tommy.

"We are so sorry he went, and do so wish we had one. Would you mind our setting a pan of water? There's no bread and milk."

"You may set what you like, my lad," said the Tailor; "and I wish there were bread and milk for your sakes, bairns. You should have it, had I got it. But go to bed now."

They lugged out a pan, and filled it more quickly than usual, and then went off to bed. Johnnie was soon in the land of dreams, but not so lazy Tommy. He kept thinking about the Brownie and wondering how he could get one to live in the house. "There's an owl living in the old shed by the pond," he thought. "It may be the Old Owl herself, and she knows, Granny says. When Father's gone to bed, and the moon rises, I'll go." Meanwhile he lay down.

II

The moon rose like gold, and went up into the heavens like silver. Tommy opened his eyes, and ran to the window. "The moon has risen," said he, and crept softly down through the kitchen, where was the pan of water, but no Brownie, and so out on to the moor.

"Hoot! hoot!" said a voice from the fir plantation behind him. Somebody else was awake, then. "It's the Old Owl," said Tommy; and there she came, and sailed into the shed by the pond. She sat on a beam that ran across the shed. Tommy had often climbed up for fun; and he climbed up now, and sat face to face with her, and thought her eyes looked as though they were made of flame.

"Now, what do you want?" said the Owl.

"Please," said Tommy, "can you tell me where to find the Brownies, and how to get one to come and live with us?"

"Oohoo," said the Owl, "that's it, is it? I know of two Brownies."

"Hurrah!" said Tommy. "Where do they live?"

"In your house," said the Owl.

Tommy was aghast.

"In our house!" he exclaimed. "Whereabouts? Let me rummage them out. Why do they do nothing?"

"They are idle, they are idle," said the

Old Owl, and she gave herself such a shake as she said it, that the fluff went flying through the shed, and Tommy nearly tumbled off the beam in his fright.

"Then we don't want them," said he. "What is the use of having Brownies if they do nothing to help us?"

"Perhaps they don't know how, as no one has told them," said the Owl.

"I wish you would tell me where to find them," said Tommy; "I could tell them."

"Could you?" said the Owl. "Oohoo! oohoo!" and Tommy couldn't tell whether she was hooting or laughing.

"Of course I could," he said. "They might be up and sweep the house, and light the fire, and spread the table, and that sort of thing, before father came down. Besides, they could see what was wanted. The Brownies did all that in Granny's mother's young days. And then they could tidy the room, and fetch the turf, and pick up my chips, and sort Granny's scraps. Oh! there's lots to do."

"So there is," said the Owl. "Oohoo!

Well, I can tell you where to find one of the Brownies; and if you find him, he will tell you where his brother is. But all this depends upon whether you feel equal to doing it, and whether you will obey me."

"I am quite ready to go," said Tommy, "and I will do as you tell me. I feel sure I could persuade them. If they only knew how every one would love them if they made themselves useful!"

"Oohoo! oohoo!" said the Owl. "You must go to the north side of the pond when the moon is shining and turn yourself round three times, saying this charm:

'Twist me, and turn me, and show me the
Elf —

I looked in the water, and saw ——'

When you have got so far, look into the water, and at the same moment you will see the Brownie, and think of a word that will fill up the line, and rhyme with 'elf.'"

The moon shone very brightly on the center of the pond. Tommy knew the place well. He went to the north side,

and turning himself three times, as the Old Owl had told him, he repeated the charm. Then he looked in, and saw himself.

"Why, there's no one but myself!" said Tommy. "And what can the word be? I must have done it wrong. I'll go back and ask the Owl."

And back he went. There sat the Old Owl as before.

"Oohoo!" said she, as Tommy climbed up. "What did you see in the pond?"

"I saw nothing but myself," said Tommy, indignantly.

"And what did you expect to see?" asked the Owl.

"I expected to see a Brownie," said Tommy; "you told me so."

"And what are Brownies like, pray?" inquired the Owl.

"The one Granny knew was a useful little fellow, something like a little man," said Tommy.

"Ah!" said the Owl, "but you know at present this one is an idle little fellow,

something like a little man. Oohoo! oohoo!
Are you quite sure you didn't see him?"

"Quite," answered Tommy, sharply. "I saw no one but myself."

"Hoot! toot! . How touchy we are!
And who are you, pray?"

"I am not a Brownie," said Tommy.

"Don't be too sure," said the Owl.
"Did you find out the word?"

"No," said Tommy. "I could find no word with any meaning that would rhyme but 'myself.'"

"Well, that runs and rhymes," said the Owl. "What do you want? Where's your brother now?"

"In bed in the malt loft," said Tommy.

"Then, now, all your questions are answered," said the Owl, "and you know what wants doing, so go and do it;" and the old lady began to shake her feathers for a start.

"Don't go yet, please," said Tommy, humbly. "I don't understand it. You know I'm not a Brownie, am I?"

"Yes, you are," said the Owl, "and a very idle one, too. All children are Brownies."

"But I couldn't do work like a Brownie," said Tommy.

"Why not?" inquired the Owl. "Couldn't you sweep the floor, light the fire, spread the table, tidy the room, fetch the turf, pick up your own chips, and sort your grandmother's scraps? You know 'there's lots to do.'"

"But I don't think I should like it," said Tommy. "I'd much rather have a Brownie to do it for me."

"And what would you do meanwhile?" asked the Owl. "Be idle, I suppose. And what do you suppose is the use of a man's having children if they do nothing to help him? Ah! if they only knew how every one would love them if they made themselves useful!"

"But is it really and truly so?" asked Tommy, in a dismal voice. "Are there no Brownies but children?"

"No, there are not," said the Owl. "Listen to me, Tommy. The Brownies are little people, and can only do little things. When they are idle and mischievous, they are called Boggarts, and are a curse to the

house they live in. When they are useful and helpful, they are Brownies, and are a blessing."

"How nice!" said Tommy.

"Very nice," said the Old Owl. "But what must I say of the Boggarts? Those idle urchins who eat the bread and milk, and don't do the work, who untidy instead of tidying, cause work instead of doing it, and leave little cares to heap on big cares, till the old people who support them are worn out altogether."

"Don't!" said Tommy. "I won't be a Boggart. I'll be a Brownie."

"That's right," nodded the Old Owl.

III

The next thing he knew the Owl had taken him home, and he found himself in bed, with Johnnie sleeping by his side.

"How quickly we came!" said he; "that is certainly a very clever Old Owl. But how odd that it is morning! Get up, Johnnie," said he. "I've got a story to tell you."

And while Johnnie sat up, and rubbed his eyes open, he related his adventures on the moor.

“Is all that true?” said Johnnie.

“I was there,” said Tommy, “and it’s all just as I tell you; and I tell you what, if we mean to do anything, we must get up; though, oh dear! I should like to stay in bed.”

“I won’t be a Boggart,” said Johnnie, “it’s horrid. But I don’t see how we can be Brownies, for I’m afraid we can’t do the things. I wish I were bigger!”

“I can do it well enough,” said Tommy, following his brother’s example and getting up. “Don’t you suppose I can light a fire? Think of all the bonfires we have made! And I don’t think I should mind having a regular good tidy-up either. It’s that stupid putting-away-things-when-you’ve-done-with-them that I hate so!”

The Brownies crept softly down the ladder and into the kitchen.

“I’m going to light the fire,” said Tommy. “And I say, Johnnie, when you’ve tidied,

just go and grub up a potato or two in the garden, and I'll put them to roast for breakfast. I'm lighting such a bonfire!"

The fire was very successful. Johnnie went after the potatoes, and Tommy cleaned the doorstep, swept the room, dusted the chairs and the old chest, and set out the table. There was no doubt that he could be handy when he chose. Just as they were finishing, they heard footsteps.

"There's Father!" exclaimed Tommy. "Remember, we mustn't be caught. Run back to bed."

Meanwhile the poor Tailor came wearily downstairs. Day after day, since his wife's death, he had come down every morning to the same sad sight — an untidy room and an empty table. When he came in, he looked around, started, and rubbed his eyes; looked around again, and rubbed them harder; then went up to the fire and held out his hand, — warm, certainly; handled the loaf, stared at the open door and window, the swept floor, and the sunshine pouring in, and finally sat down in wonder. Then he

jumped up and ran to the foot of the stairs, shouting, —

“Mother! Mother! the Brownie has come!”

There was great excitement in the small household that day. The boys kept their own counsel. The old Grandmother was triumphant, and tried not to seem surprised. The Tailor was so surprised that he talked all day of the Brownies.

“I’ve often heard of the Good People,” he said, “but this is wonderful! To come and do the work for a pan of cold water! Who could have believed it? I didn’t see him, but I thought as I came in I heard a sort of laughing and rustling.”

“I say,” said Tommy, when both the boys were in bed, “the Old Owl was right, and we must stick to it. But I’ll tell you what I don’t like, and that is, Father thinking we’re idle still. I wish he knew we were the Brownies.”

“So do I,” said Johnnie; and he sighed.

“I tell you what,” said Tommy, “we’ll keep quiet for a bit for fear we should leave

off; but when we've gone on a good while, I shall tell him."

Day after day went by, and still the Brownies "stuck to it," and did their work. One day a message came to the father offering him two or three days' tailoring in a farmhouse some miles up the valley. When his work was finished, the Farmer paid him at once; and the good dame added half a cheese and a bottle-green coat. The Tailor thanked them, said farewell, and went home.

As he came in at the gate he was struck by some idea of change, and looking again, he saw that the garden had been weeded, and was tidy.

"It's that Blessed Brownie!" said the Tailor. "I'll make him a suit of clothes."

"If you make clothes for this Brownie, he'll go for good," said the Grandmother, in a voice of awful warning.

"Not if they're a good fit, Mother. I'll tell you what I mean to do. I shall measure them by Tommy—they say the Brownies are about his size."

The next night the suit was finished, and laid by the bread and milk.

The next morning the Brownies came down as usual.

"Don't they look splendid?" said Tommy, feeling the cloth. "When we've tidied the place, I shall put them on."

But long before the place was tidy, he could wait no longer, and dressed up.

When the Tailor awoke, he heard voices.

"It's the Brownie," he thought; "I must look."

At the door he paused and listened; then he pushed in, and saw Johnnie sweeping the kitchen and Tommy dancing about in his new suit.

"What's this?" shouted the astonished Tailor, when he could find breath to speak.

"It's the Brownies," sang the boys.

"Where is Brownie?" shouted the father.

"He's here," said Tommy; "we are the Brownies."

"Can't you stop that fooling?" cried the Tailor, angrily. "This is past a joke. Where is the real Brownie, I say?"

"We are the only Brownies, Father," said Tommy. "Ask the Old Owl. It's true, really."

"I suppose I'm getting old," he said; "I can't understand. If you are the Brownie, who has been tidying the kitchen lately?"

"We have," said they.

"And who sorts your grandmother's scraps?"

"We do," said they.

"And who sets breakfast, and puts my things in order?"

"We do," said they.

"But when do you do it?" asked the Tailor.

"Before you come down," said they.

"But I always have to call you," said the Tailor.

"We get back to bed again," said the boys.

"But how was it you never did it before?" asked the Tailor.

"We were idle, we were idle," said Tommy.

The Tailor's voice rose —

"But if you do the work," he shouted,
"*where is the Brownie?*"

"Here!" cried the boys, "and we are
very sorry that we were Boggarts so
long."

JULIANA HORATIA EWING. *Adapted.*

A SONG OF LOVE

Say, what is the spell, when her fledglings
are cheeping,

That lures the bird home to her nest?
Or wakes the tired mother, whose infant is
weeping,

To cuddle and croon it to rest?
What the magic that charms the glad babe
in her arms,

Till it cooes with the voice of the
dove?

'Tis a secret, and so let us whisper it
low—

And the name of the secret is Love!

For I think it is Love,

For I feel it is Love,

For I'm sure it is nothing but Love!

Say, whence is the voice that when anger is
burning,

Bids the whirl of the tempest to cease?
That stirs the vexed soul with an aching —
a yearning

For the brotherly hand grip of peace?
Whence the music that fills all our being —
that thrills

Around us, beneath, and above?
'Tis a secret: none knows how it comes, or
it goes —

But the name of the secret is Love!

For I think it is Love,

For I feel it is Love,

For I'm sure it is nothing but Love!

Say, whose is the skill that paints valley
and hill,

Like a picture so fair to the sight?
That flecks the green meadow with sunshine
and shadow,

Till the little lambs leap with delight?
'Tis a secret untold to hearts cruel and
cold,

Though 'tis sung by the angels above,

In notes that ring clear for the ears that
can hear —

And the name of the secret is Love!

For I think it is Love,

For I feel it is Love,

For I'm sure it is nothing but Love!

LEWIS CARROLL.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

I

There was once, long ago, in a far land, a lovely, fertile valley surrounded on all sides by steep and rocky mountains. These mountains were always covered with snow, and from them fell streams of water. One of these rivers fell toward the west, over a crag so high that when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called the Golden River.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, named Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder

brothers, were such wicked, selfish men that they were called the "Black Brothers" by everybody. The youngest brother, Gluck, was very different from his brothers. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing.

One day when Gluck was alone at home cooking the dinner, a queer little man came



to see him. Now Gluck had often been told by his brothers that he must not let any one in nor give anything out, for they knew that he would like to be kind to strangers and they were so selfish that they wished to keep everything for themselves. But he let the old man in because he was so very wet, and also gave him his own slice of mutton, thinking that he would go without any for dinner. When the brothers came back and found the old man sitting by the hearth and eating, they were very angry and drove him out with blows; but as he went he said to them:

“Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o’clock to-night I’ll call again, and after the way that you have treated me, you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you.”

Such a night as it was! Howling wind, and rushing rain, without stopping a moment! Finally the door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom. “What’s that?” cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.



"Only I," said the little gentleman. For it was, indeed, he.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," he said, as he rushed out again. "Remember, the *last* visit."

When they looked, they found printed on the card the words: "Southwest Wind." And the wind was as good as his word, for it was his last visit; he entered the lovely valley no more, nor would he let any other winds come either. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another, for it

was the wind that had brought the rain. In a short time all the land owned by the three



brothers became a desert ; their money was all gone, and they had to leave their valley and cross the mountains in search of food.

II

They took with them some fine old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, which was all the wealth they had left, and they lived on this for some time, by melting it and making spoons to sell to people. At last all the gold had been sold except a beautiful old mug, which belonged to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world. When the

cruel brothers made Gluck melt this into spoons, it nearly broke his heart, but they only laughed at him and tossed the mug into the melting pot, leaving him, as usual, to watch it.

As he waited for it to melt, he walked sadly to the window and sat down. From this window Gluck could see the mountains that surrounded the happy valley where he had formerly lived, and he could see, also, the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at sunset, and the river looked very golden indeed as Gluck looked at it.

"Oh!" said he, aloud, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear, metallic voice, close at his ear.

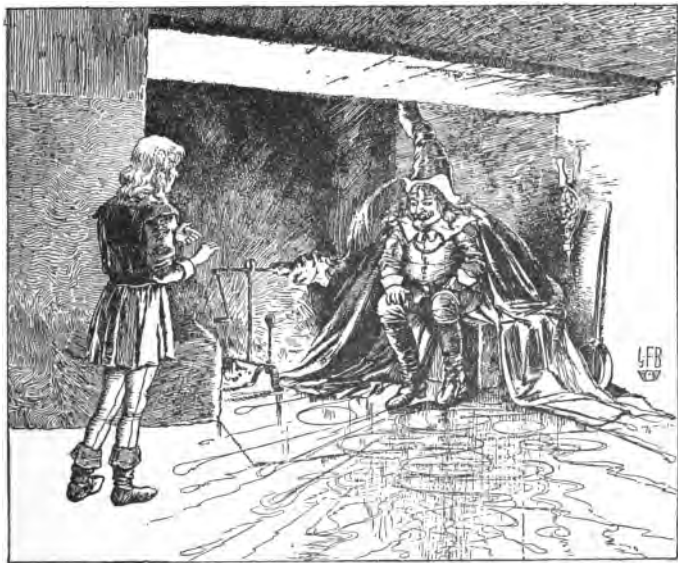
"Dear me, what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. The voice kept on speaking, but he could not find it anywhere, until at last it cried out as if it were in the melting pot, "Come, Gluck, I'm all right; pour me out."

At first Gluck was too surprised to move,

but finally he took hold of the pot and sloped it, so as to pour out the gold. But, instead of a liquid stream, out came a little golden dwarf about a foot and a half high.

When Gluck had looked at him very hard, he said, rather shyly, "Pray, sir, are you my mug?"

"I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River. I have watched you, and I think you are a good, unselfish boy; therefore, I am willing to serve you. Pay



attention to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which the Golden River flows, and shall cast into the stream where it starts three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one who tries and fails can try again; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will drown him and he will become a black stone."

And then he walked into the center of the fire and went straight up the chimney.

III

When Gluck told the story to his brothers, they quarreled as to which one should go to the Golden River, but finally Hans started out. He went first to the priest to get holy water, but, of course, the priest would not give any to such a bad man. So Hans stole some from the church, and set out on his travels. He had put the holy water into a strong flask, and took two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket. The meat and the wine, however, he soon had to leave be-

hind, for he found, after he began to climb the mountain, that they were too heavy to carry. As the sun came out, its rays beat down on the steep path, and Hans was very tired, and hot, and thirsty. He still had the flask of water, of course, and thinking that three drops would be all that he should need, he began to drink some of it.

As he raised it to his lips, he saw a poor little dog at his feet that seemed to be dying of thirst. Its eye moved to the bottle Hans held in his hand, but Hans did not give him any. He drank the water himself, and suddenly a strange shadow came across the blue sky.

Another hour passed, and the path grew steeper, and Hans grew thirstier. Though his flask was half empty, there was still more than three drops in it. But as he began to drink, something moved in the path above him. It was a child whose eyes were closed and whose lips were dry and burning. Hans looked at it, drank his water, and passed on.

But now the shadow was even darker and

the path steeper. He saw the Golden River only a little way above him, and as he stopped to look at it, he heard a low cry. There, at one side of the rocks, was lying a gray-haired old man. "Water!" he cried feebly, "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," said Hans, and went on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the East, shaped like a sword. At last he stood on the bank of the Golden River and hurled his flask into the center of it. As he did so, an icy chill shot through him; he fell, and the river rose and rushed over

The Black Stone

IV

Schwartz was much pleased when Hans did not return, for he thought that his brother must have been turned into a black stone, and that he could go and get all the gold for himself. But Gluck cried all night and begged his brother to go to look for Hans.

Now Schwartz decided it was better not to steal the holy water, for he thought that,

perhaps, the King of the Golden River would not like it; so he went instead to a bad priest who sold him some. Like Hans he took some meat and wine, but he, also, found that he must leave them behind on the steep path. As he climbed, he grew more and more thirsty, like his brother, and lifted the flask to his lips. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him and moaned for water.

“Water, indeed!” said Schwartz; “I haven’t half enough for myself,” and he passed on. And, as he went on, he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the West.

When he had climbed for another hour, thirst overcame him again, and he started to drink. Then he saw the old man lying before him and heard him cry out for water, but he would not give him any. Then again the light of the sun seemed to fade, and the bank of black cloud rose very high indeed.

Schwartz climbed for another hour, and this time as he started to drink, he thought that he saw his brother Hans lying on the path, and that he cried out for water.

But Schwartz said, "Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for you?" And he went on, but when he looked back, the figure was gone. At last he, too, came to the Golden River. Its waves were black, like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire. As he threw the flask into the water, the earth gave way beneath him, and the water rushed over

The Two Black Stones

V

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He made up his mind to try to find the Golden River. He went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Then Gluck took some bread and the bottle of water and set off for the mountains.

The journey was much harder for him than for his brothers, because he was weaker than they. He had some bad falls, lost his bread, and had to climb the hill in the hottest part of the day. After climbing

for an hour he became very thirsty, and was going to drink, when he saw an old man coming down the path. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst, give me some water."

When Gluck saw how pale and weary he looked, he gave him the water. "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Gluck went on again merrily, and the path seemed easier to climb than before.

After he had gone on for another hour, he grew so thirsty that he thought he should have to drink. But, as he started to drink, he saw a little child, and it cried to him for water. Gluck decided to go without the water himself and put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank all but a few drops.

As he went on, the path was lovely with flowers, but after awhile he became thirsty again. When he saw that there were only five or six drops left in his bottle, he did not dare drink those, but, at that minute, he came on a poor little dog lying on the rocks

almost dead. Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River. He thought of what the dwarf had said, that "no one who tries and fails can try again," and he wanted to pass the dog, but it whined so sadly that Gluck stopped again.

"Poor dog," he said, "it'll be dead when I come down, if I don't help it. Confound the King, and his gold, too." And he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on his hind legs, and in three seconds he had turned into Gluck's old friend, the King of the Golden River. He stooped and picked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. These the dwarf shook into Gluck's flask.

"Cast these into the river," he said, "and go down on the other side of the mountains into the happy valley." Then he went away.

Gluck climbed to the edge of the Golden River. When he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, they seemed to make

a little whirlpool where they fell, but the water did not turn into gold. After Gluck had watched it for a little while, he obeyed the dwarf, and went down the other side of the mountains into the happy valley. And when he got there, he found that a new river like the Golden River had just begun to flow into the valley. And as it flowed, it turned the land from a desert of red sand into the lovely valley it had once been. And thus the happy valley became a garden again, and what had been lost by cruelty was regained by love.

And Gluck lived here, and the poor were never driven from his door. His fields were full of grain and fruit. For him the river had become, as the dwarf had promised, a Golden River.

JOHN RUSKIN. *Adapted.*

EZEKIEL AND DANIEL

Two boys once lived on a hilly little farm in New Hampshire. They were brothers. The name of the elder was Ezekiel, and that of the younger was Daniel.

The father of these boys was anxious that both should be well educated, for he believed that education is necessary to fit any person for success in life. But he was a poor man and had not the means to send both to good schools.

Ezekiel had many good qualities. He was sturdy and manly and industrious. He would, no doubt, succeed well with whatever he should undertake to do.

But Daniel was not strong. He was a slender child and very delicate. It was thought that he would never be able to make his living by hard work. Yet his mind was wonderfully bright and he was very quick to learn.

"Boys," said the father, "there is nothing in the world that I wish to do so much as to give you both a fine education. But I shall never have enough money to send you to college. You will have to stop short of that."

"Then let Daniel be the scholar," said Ezekiel, "and I will help you on the farm."

Daniel was the pet of the family and a great lover of books. His brother was always ready to give up anything that he possessed in order to make him happy. And now he was ready to give up his chances of a fair schooling if he could help Daniel to a better education.

The father thought of the matter in this way: Would it not be better to give one of the boys a thorough education rather than to limit both to a little schooling? And if he could send only one to college, why should it not be that one who gave the greatest promise of success?

It was decided, therefore, that Daniel should be the scholar. And Ezekiel, without a murmur, went to work with a will to help earn the money to pay his brother's expenses at college.

Every one in the family was pleased with the arrangement. Daniel was sent to a preparatory school, and in due time was admitted to Dartmouth College. To his father, his mother, his brother, no sacrifice seemed too great if they could only help him to gain

that education that they felt would be of so much use to him.

During all this time, however, the one thing that troubled Daniel was the thought of his brother toiling at home. He knew that Ezekiel had great abilities. He knew that he was not fond of farm work, and that he was anxious to study for a profession. This brother had given up all his dearest plans in order that Daniel might be favored; and Daniel, although very grateful, was pained to think of it.

Once, when Daniel was at home on a vacation, he said: "Zeke, this thing is all wrong. Father has mortgaged the farm for money to pay my expenses at school, and you are making a slave of yourself to pay off the mortgage. It isn't right for me to let you do this."

Ezekiel said, "Brother Dan, I am stronger than you are, and if one of us has to stay on the farm, of course I am the one."

"But I want you to go to college," answered Daniel. "An education will do you as much good as it will me."

"I don't know about that," said Ezekiel.

"Well, I know about it, and I will see father about it this very day," said Daniel.

He did see him.

"I told my father," said Daniel, afterward, "that I was unhappy at my brother's prospects. For myself, I saw my way to knowledge, respectability, and self-protection. But as for Ezekiel, all looked the other way. I said that I would keep school, and get along as well as I could — that I would be more than four years in getting through college, if necessary, provided that he also could be sent to study."

The matter was referred to Daniel's mother, and she and his father talked it all over. They knew that it would take all the property they had to educate both the boys. They knew that they would be obliged to do without many comforts, and that they would have a hard struggle for a living while the boys were studying. But the mother said, "I will trust Ezekiel and Daniel."

It was settled, therefore, that the elder

brother also should have a chance to make his mark in the world.

He was now a grown-up man. He was tall and strong and ambitious. He entered college the very year that Daniel graduated.

As for Daniel — well, if it had not been for his brother's generous self-sacrifice, his history might have been quite different from what it was. And Ezekiel Webster's golden deed made him forever a sharer of Daniel Webster's fame.

JAMES BALDWIN.

From "An American Book of Golden Deeds."

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THE PEA BLOSSOM



THERE were once five peas in one shell. They were green, and the shell was green, and so they believed that the whole world must be green also. The shell grew, and the peas grew. They suited themselves to

their position, and sat all in a row. The sun shone without and warmed the shell, and the rain made it clear and transparent; it was mild and agreeable in broad daylight, and dark at night, as it generally is; and the peas as they sat there grew bigger and bigger, and more thoughtful, for they felt there must be something for them to do.

“Are we to sit here forever? Shall we not become hard by sitting here so long? It seems to me that there must be something outside. I feel sure of it,” said one.

And, as weeks passed by, the peas became yellow, and the shell became yellow.

“All the world is turning yellow, I suppose,” said they, — and perhaps they were right.

Suddenly they felt a pull at the shell; it was torn off, and held in human hands, then slipped into the pocket of a jacket in company with other full pods.

“Now we shall soon be opened,” said one, — that was just what they all wanted. “I should like to know which one of us will

travel farthest," said the smallest of the five. "We shall soon see now."

"What is to happen will happen," said the largest pea.

"Crack," went the shell as it burst, and the five peas rolled out into the bright sunshine. There they lay in a child's hand. A little boy was holding them tightly. He said they were fine peas for his pea shooter. And immediately he put one in the shooter and shot it out.

"Now I am flying out into the wide world; catch me if you can," said this pea, and he was gone in a moment.

"I intend to fly straight to the sun; that is a shell that lets itself be seen, and it will suit me exactly," said the second; and away he went.

"We shall go to sleep wherever we find ourselves; we shall still be rolling onwards," said the next two; and they did certainly fall on the floor, and roll about before they got into the pea shooter; but they were put in for all that. "We shall go farther than the others," said they.

“What is to happen will happen,” exclaimed the last, as he was shot out of the pea shooter; and as he spoke he flew up under an old board under a garret window, and fell into a little crack, which was almost filled up with moss and fine earth. The moss closed itself around him, and there he lay, a captive indeed, but not unnoticed by God.

“What is to happen will happen,” said he to himself.

Within the little garret lived a poor woman, who went out to clean stoves, chop wood into small pieces, and perform such-like hard work. Yet she remained always poor, and at home in the garret lay her only daughter, not quite grown up, and very delicate and weak. For a whole year she had kept in her bed, and it seemed as if she could neither live nor die.

“She is going to her little sister,” said the woman; “I had but the two children, and it was not an easy thing to support both of them; but the good God helped me in my work, and took one of them to Himself

and provided for her. Now I would gladly keep the other that was left to me, but I suppose they are not to be separated, and my sick girl will very soon go to her sister above." But the sick girl still remained where she was; she lay quietly and patiently all the day long, while her mother was away from home at her work.

Spring came, and one morning early the sun shone brightly through the little window, and threw his rays over the floor of the room. Just as the mother was going to her work, the sick girl fixed her gaze on the lowest pane of the window. "Mother," she exclaimed, "what can that little green thing be that peeps in at the window? It is moving in the wind."

The mother stepped to the window and half opened it. "Oh!" she said, "there is really a little pea that has taken root and is putting out its green leaves. How could it have fallen into this crack? Well, now, here is a little garden for you to amuse yourself with." So the bed of the sick girl was drawn nearer to the window, that she

might see the budding plant; and the mother went out to her work.

“Mother, I believe I shall get well,” said the sick child, in the evening; “the sun has shone in so brightly and warmly to-day, and the little pea is doing so well; I shall get on better too, and go out into the warm sunshine again.”

“God grant it!” said the mother; but she did not believe it would be so. However she propped up, with a little stick, the green plant that had given her child such pleasant hopes of life, so that it might not be broken by the winds; she tied the piece of string to the window sill and to the upper part of the frame, so that the pea tendrils might twine around it when it shot up. And it did shoot up; indeed it might easily be seen to grow from day to day.

“Really, here is a flower coming,” said the old woman, one morning; and now, at last, she began to encourage the hope that her little sick daughter might recover. She remembered that for some time the child had spoken more cheerfully, and during the last

few days she had raised herself in bed in the morning to look with sparkling eyes at her little garden, which contained only a single pea plant. A week after, the sick girl sat up for the first time for a whole hour, feeling quite happy in the warm sunshine, by the open window, while outside



grew the little plant, and on it a pink pea blossom in full bloom. The little maiden bent down and gently kissed the delicate leaves. The day was to her like a festival.

“Our heavenly Father Himself has planted that pea, and made it grow and flourish, to bring joy to you and hope to me, my blessed child,” said the happy mother;

and she smiled at the flower, as if it had been an angel from God.

But what became of the other peas? Why, the one who flew out into the wide world, and said, "Catch me if you can," fell into a gutter on the roof of a house and ended his travels in the crop of a pigeon. The two lazy ones were carried quite as far, for they also were eaten by pigeons, so they were at least of some use; but the fourth, who wanted to reach the sun, fell into a sink, and lay there in the dirty water for days and weeks, until he had swelled to a great size.

"I am getting beautifully fat," said the pea, "I expect I shall burst at last; no pea could do more than that, I think; I am the most remarkable of all the five that were in the shell." But the young maiden stood at the open garret window, with sparkling eyes and the rosy hue of health upon her cheeks; she folded her thin hands over her pea blossom, and thanked God for what he had done.

RED STARS AND BLACK

These were the names of the two teams. For in this school the conduct of the children was marked with stars; red stars for the good children, black stars for the not-so-good, — for none of them were really bad.

If your hands were dirty, even although the dirt came from picking the ball out of the mud, you had a black star. If you brought in mud on your shoes, you had to take a dustpan and brush and sweep it up, and you had a black star too. But if you did as well as you could, you had a red star, even although you did not recite as well as Jamie Jones, — for teachers know that the lessons depend upon the scholars: to some they are easy, while others have to work hard to learn them. So some reports had so many black stars that they looked like a procession of black sheep, while in other reports there were so many red stars that they looked like a railroad track with all the danger signals lighted. And the red star boys were proud of their marks, for

they were loyal to the school, and liked to think that they were helping to make it as fine a school as it could be.

Then the boys with the black stars said to the boys with the red stars: "We can beat you playing ball. You may get better marks, but we can make more runs." Thus they formed two teams, the Red Stars and the Black Stars. One of the mottoes of the school was, "A sound mind in a sound body," so the teachers took a great interest in the sports of the children. Therefore, one of the teachers coached the boys in their baseball.

Now, in coaching there are two important lessons to be learned. One is the lesson of manners, the other is the lesson of obedience. There is no good in a game, nor any fun in it either, unless all who



play are good-natured and patient, and keep their temper, and stop calling names. The teacher who coached attended to that first. Anybody who got angry, or tried to discuss the game with the umpire, or cheated, was put off the field. Also, it was required that the orders of the Captain should be promptly obeyed. In this way, every practice game was a lesson in the two habits on which a great part of success depends. They who know how to behave and to obey are on the way to success.

One day, while the boys were playing, the ball went through a schoolroom window. Whose fault was that? It was not the fault of the ball, — that was plain; and not the fault of the bat; and not really the fault of the batter. For he is a wise and skillful batter who can make a ball go just where he wishes it to go. It was nobody's fault, they said. But there was the broken glass. That must be made right. For a schoolhouse is a public building. That means it belongs to all of us. We all have a share in it, and we take pride in it. It is

our building, and we want it to be as neat and clean, and as fair and fine, as we can make it. If there is any grass about it, we want it to be green grass; and we want the windows to be whole windows. They are our windows. So the boys clubbed together and put in a new pane of glass. That was another lesson in true manhood and good citizenship. That is the way we feel about our town. The streets are our streets; the parks are our parks.

When the game was played at last, with teachers and fathers and mothers looking on, what do you suppose the score was? The Red Stars won, forty to nothing! For the Black Stars were a careless lot: that is why they got black stars. And carelessness wins no victories, even in playing ball.

A BOY'S SONG

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,



Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,—
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow lies the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little maidens from their play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadow, along the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG.

THE SCHOOL PICNIC

I

The tenth of June had come at last. It was the day for the school picnic. For several weeks every boy and girl of the fourth and fifth grades had been looking forward to this jolly day. Billy, Betty, and Ben were up bright and early, and were so excited that it was difficult for them to wash their hands and faces clean and brush their clothes. They almost forgot to give battle to General Microbe and his filthy soldiers under their nails.

As they sat down to breakfast, Betty's face was flushed, and Ben's eyes were big with joy and expectation. He was eager for the fun, and ate so fast that his mother had to caution him twice. Billy, too, was in a hurry, for he was captain of the baseball nine of the fifth grade. His team was to play "The Giants" of the fourth grade, so he almost forgot to chew his food well. Aunt Bess, who had come all the way from New York to go to the picnic, was sitting between Betty and Ben. She nudged them once or twice. They knew what that meant, and began to eat more slowly. Billy sat just opposite her, and every now and then Aunt Bess would smile and quietly shake her finger at him. Billy knew what that meant, too, and quickly followed the example of Betty and Ben.

After breakfast, they started for the railroad station with baskets well filled with sandwiches, cookies, and fruit. On their way they stopped for Kitty Howard. Kitty was waiting for them on the door step. She had the blue ribbon of her grade pinned



to her dress, and was ready to wave the blue flag for Billy's nine. Billy had great confidence in "The Terrors," and he resolved that they should win. Ben, however, felt very sure that "The Giants" would come off victorious. He had a big tin horn, which he was going to toot as loudly as he could for the fourth grade nine.

Nearly a hundred children were waiting at the station. When they saw Aunt Bess, they set up a tremendous cheer, for she was their Aunt almost as much as she was Billy's, Betty's, and Ben's. The boys and girls of both grades had adopted her. Miss Adams and Miss Forbes had hardly shaken hands with her before, "Toot! Toot!" shrieked the locomotive as it came around the curve.

The children's joy was boundless, and excitement ran high. Indeed, it was difficult to keep the boys in line! The great engine steamed into the station, and every one was soon aboard. "Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!" went the bell, and three carloads of children moved slowly toward the picnic grounds.

"Tickets!" shouted the conductor. There was a big, broad smile on his face as each boy and girl held up his or her hand to give him a little piece of cardboard, on which was printed, "Stamford to Silver Spring." When he came to Betty's seat, she pinned the crimson ribbon of "The Giants" on the

right side of his coat. Immediately Kitty Howard jumped up and pinned the blue ribbon of "The Terrors" on the other side. The conductor looked as happy as a big sunflower, and the car rang with the cheers of the Crimson and the Blue. Everybody was joyous, and when Dick Matthews began to sing: "Merrily we rolled along," the entire party joined in. They sang one song after another, until "Toot! Toot! Toot!" went the whistle again, and, in a moment, the train stopped at Silver Spring. Soon all the children were in line and marching to the beautiful spring.

As they went along, the birds in the trees wondered what was going on, and the squirrels ran about from tree to tree, sometimes making wonderful leaps. One little gray fellow lost his footing and dropped right down on Ben's shoulder, brushing his bushy tail in his face. Ben was startled for a moment, but the little squirrel quickly leaped to the ground, and ran to the nearest tree, amid the laughter of the children. When they reached the crystal spring, they

broke ranks, and the woods soon echoed with their glad voices.

The baseball game was to be played at half-past ten. Long before it was called, the side benches were full. The fourth grade boys and girls were shouting :

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

C-R-I-M-S-O-N

Crimson ! Crimson ! Crimson !

Immediately the fifth grade would reply :

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

Blue-ooooh ! Blue-ooooh !

At last the big game began. Captain Billy's nine was in the field. Billy himself was pitcher. He shot the balls so swiftly over the plate, and his curves were so puzzling, that "The Giants" failed to score in the first inning. The nines were very evenly matched, and at the close of the eighth inning, the game stood 5-4 in favor of the Crimsons.

By this time the friends of each nine were greatly excited. They were cheering their favorite teams with all their might. The Blues were now at the bat, and it was Ted Tompkins' turn to lead in the batting, with Phil Flanders to follow. Both Ted and Phil struck out. The hearts of the Blues' followers sank within them, and, as Billy stepped forward to bat, the cheering quickly subsided, and in a moment every voice was hushed. The excitement was now intense. Could Billy save the day for the Blues? That was the question in everybody's mind. The first ball was very swift — right over the plate. Billy struck hard, but he missed it. "Oh! oh! too bad! too bad!" shouted Aunt Bess. Then the pitcher threw what Ben called an in-curve. Billy did his best, but he failed a second time. He realized that he had only one chance more. He knew that it was necessary to hit the ball the next time, or the game would be lost. However, in the midst of the excitement he did not lose his self-control, but remained calm and determined.

When the pitcher threw the next ball, Billy struck it far into right field, between first and second base. He ran like a deer and succeeded in getting as far as second base on his fortunate hit. The fifth grade boys and girls were overcome with delight and sent up a tremendous shout for Billy. The boys threw their hats in the air, and the girls wildly waved their blue flags. Kitty was so excited that she threw her arms around Aunt Bess and gave her a big hug. Everybody on the benches stood up to learn the result. "Rah! Rah! Rah!" shouted friends of the Blues when they saw that Billy had reached second.

But the game was not yet won. What would Ralph Powers do, for he was next to bat? Could he bring Billy home? That was the question on everybody's lips. Every eye was on Ralph. Poor fellow! he was very nervous. The Crimsons' pitcher sent a swift ball over the plate and Ralph missed it. The second ball was an out-curve, and poor Ralph missed that, too. Though nervous, he was a courageous lad,

and they say Fortune favors the brave. Another ball came along. Ralph was ready for it. He swung his bat just at the right time, and in the right place, and the ball went whizzing along the ground into left field.

Quick as a flash Billy ran to third, intending, if possible, to reach the home plate. The Blues shouted encouragement, until the air was filled with their wild cries. Kitty and Aunt Bess were waving their flags, and if sympathy could have helped Billy along, he would certainly have succeeded.

But, alas! Tom Jewett played third base for the Crimsons. As soon as Billy touched the base, Tom intentionally jumped on his foot with a spiked shoe, striking him with such force that Billy's running was changed to limping. The pain was so sharp that Billy could only hobble toward the home plate. The right fielder quickly threw the ball to the catcher, and although Billy threw himself forward to slide to the plate, the catcher touched him with the

ball, and the umpire shouted: "Out!" The Crimsons had won the game!

Everybody on the benches had seen Tom Jewett's foul trick. The friends of both nines groaned and howled their disapproval. Those who cheered for the Crimson would not have their team win by such contemptible means. There was a high sense of honor in both grades, and they insisted on clean sport. They shouted to the umpire to play the inning over again, and to put Tom Jewett off the nine. When the umpire decided to do this, they cheered until the surrounding hills seemed to echo and reëcho with the sound. Tom skulked away and hid himself in the woods.

Billy was cheered by both teams, as much by the friends of the Crimson as by the friends of the Blue. All knew him to be a manly fellow who always played hard to win, but who always played a fair game.

The players were trained to take care of the injured, and Aunt Bess smiled as she watched them dressing Billy's wounds. She had a big heart, but Billy, Betty, and

Ben filled it. Ben stood by with his jaws set, as they usually were whenever any wrong had been done to Billy. He gave a menacing look toward the woods, and the eyes of Betty and Kitty were filled with indignation. On the whole, it was just as well that Tom Jewett had sneaked away, for there might have been trouble.

The inning was played over again and Captain Billy's nine won. Each nine cheered the other, and both the victors and the vanquished left the field amid the cheers of the crowd.

II

At half-past twelve, all the boys and girls sat down to dinner. There were long tables arranged under the trees and along the sparkling stream that flowed from the silver spring. The tables were well laden with good things. Chicken and ham sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, olives and pickles, cookies and cake, nuts and fruit, tempted the appetites of the crowd of hungry children. Never did a jollier or a hungrier party sit

down to a meal. Miss Forbes, Miss Adams, Aunt Bess, and several other ladies who had been invited, were kept busy waiting on the tables. The squirrels chattered in the trees as they watched the children eat. Two, with tails bigger than their bodies, came down from the trees and ventured so near to Betty that she flung a nut to each of them. Once in a while a spider or a daddy longlegs would walk across the table without saying, "I beg your pardon," for his bad manners. Then a large black ant, who was not invited to the dinner at all, walked along the edge of the cake dish, looking as though he would like to carry it away.

When the ice cream was passed, every boy and girl smiled. Ben was hoping that each might have two platefuls, but Ben hoped in vain. Probably it was just as well, for Mr. Stomach was already complaining to Mr. Heart and Mr. Liver that Ben was overloading him. He told Mrs. Blood to tell Mr. Skin, who was outside of Ben, to urge him to be careful. "If he doesn't take

care," he said, "I shall have to give him a few sharp cramps a little later." Fortunately Ben escaped the cramps by not eating a second dishful of the delicious cream.

After dinner the boys fished for trout in the stream, but they made so much noise that the trout would not bite. The girls strolled through the woods, gathering violets and columbines.

At half-past two there was a sharp bugle call. It came from the boathouse. All knew what the sound meant. There was to be a carnival on the lake near by, so the children turned their steps in that direction.

The boats were gayly decorated, and the children were dressed in attractive costumes. Only those who could swim were allowed to take part in the carnival. The lake was not very deep, but still it was deep enough to drown in. So Miss Adams and Miss Forbes thought that it might not be safe for any one who could not swim to go out on the water.

The keeper of the grounds had hired ten

men to row in the ten boats. They were to keep a close watch to see that no accident should occur.

At three o'clock there was another shrill bugle blast. It was the signal for the carnival to start. All of the boats pushed out from the land. It was a beautiful sight. The flags and banners were waving in the gentle breeze, and the children's beaded and spangled costumes sparkled in the sun. One boat followed another, forming a long procession. They rowed about a quarter of a mile, until they came to a little island in the middle of the lake. Rounding it, they headed toward the landing. Now, however, instead of forming a long row, each boat took its place by the side of another. They formed a fine line, and came forward abreast, with their banners flying and their oars glistening in the sun.

The children on the shore cheered the boats as they came nearer and nearer. Billy and Kitty Howard were in the boat at the right end of the line. Although Billy had a sore foot, he insisted on helping the man

to row. Kitty took charge of the rudder and steered the boat exceedingly well.

When they were within two hundred feet of the shore, a slight breeze blew Kitty's long spangled veil forward. As Billy's oar came back it was caught in the veil. The oar dragged the veil with it, and Kitty rose quickly to set it free. But, alas! in stepping forward she lost her balance and fell into the lake, sinking to the bottom.

Ben, who was rowing in the next boat, saw her fall. In an instant he dropped his oars, and, slipping off his tennis shoes, he gave a leap and dived into the water. Billy followed him at once. Both boys could swim and dive like ducks. They soon came up, but, alas! they did not bring Kitty with them. Under the water they went again just as Kitty rose to the surface. The poor girl was so weighed down with her wet clothes, and was so excited, that she could not swim, and sank again.

Billy rose a second time, but, seeing that Kitty was under the water, he dived down again. Just then Ben came up to breathe,

and in a moment, he followed Billy. Both boys found Kitty at the bottom of the lake. In a moment, up they came with their precious burden. With the aid of the man in the boat, they lifted Kitty out of the water and laid her tenderly in the boat.

By this time all the boats had stopped, and there was much excitement among the children. Those on shore were greatly frightened, and when they saw Kitty lifted out of the water, their voices were hushed. Billy and the man rowed quickly to the landing, and Kitty was gently laid on the beach. Miss Forbes, who knew just what to do, worked with Kitty for nearly twenty minutes. Slowly she opened her eyes. She was conscious. Miss Adams and Aunt Bess took her to the keeper's house where she rested awhile. Aunt Bess and Betty, who loved her as if she were a sister, remained with her. Billy and Ben had to go to bed in the keeper's room until their clothes were dry.

Two hours later everything was all right

again. Even Kitty did not seem much the worse for her adventure. She thanked Billy and Ben for rescuing her, and thought that they were the kind of heroes that she had read about in books.

At five o'clock "Toot! Toot! Toot!" went the engine whistle. Soon all were on board the train, moving toward Stamford. Tom Jewett, who had spiked Billy's foot, sat on the end seat all alone. He really felt ashamed of himself, and made up his mind to beg Billy's pardon. The conductor was still wearing the crimson and the blue ribbons. As soon as he appeared, Ben started the cheering for the Crimson and Dick Matthews called for a rousing cheer for the Blues. The cars rang with the children's happy voices. Although they were rolling along on railroad tracks, Dick again started singing:

Merrily we rolled along,
Rolled along, rolled along,
Merrily we rolled along,
O'er the dark blue sea.

Everybody, except Tom Jewett, was merry, and merrily they rolled along until they reached Stamford.

That night every boy and girl went to bed early. A little star peeked into Kitty's room and saw a beautiful smile on her face as she slept. The Dream Angel told the little star why the smile was there. She said that Kitty was dreaming about Billy, Betty, and Ben. She whispered the story of what had happened at the picnic, and what Billy, Betty, and Ben had done. The little star's face was covered with a golden smile as he listened. And taking one more look at Kitty he went to sleep behind a fleecy cloud.

FORGIVE AND FORGET

I

In the neighborhood of a seaport town in the west of England, there lived a gardener, who had one son, called Maurice, to whom he was very partial. One day the father sent Maurice to the neighboring town to

purchase some garden seeds. When he got to the seed shop, it was full of people, who were all impatient to be served : first a great tall man, and next a great fat woman pushed before him ; and he stood quietly beside the counter, waiting until some one should be at leisure to attend to him. At length, when all the other people in the shop had bought what they wanted, the shopman turned to Maurice — “ And what do you want, my patient little fellow ? ” said he.

“ I want all these seeds for my father,” said Maurice, putting a list of seeds into the shopman’s hand ; “ and I have brought money to pay for them.”

The seedsman picked out all the seeds that Maurice wanted, and packed them in paper ; he was folding up some painted lady-peas, when, from a door at the back of the shop, there came in a square, rough-faced man, who exclaimed, the moment he came in, “ Are the seeds I ordered ready ? The wind’s fair — they ought to have been aboard yesterday. And my china jar, is it packed up and directed ? Where is it ? ”

"It is up there on the shelf over your head, sir," answered the seedsman. "It is very safe, you see; but we have not had time to pack it yet. It shall be done to-day; and we will get the seeds ready for you, sir, immediately."

"Immediately! then stir about it. The seeds will not pack themselves up. Make haste, pray."

"Immediately, sir, as soon as I have done up the parcel for this little boy."

"What signifies the parcel for this little boy? He can wait, and I cannot, — wind and tide wait for no man. Here, my good lad, take your parcel, and sheer off," said the impatient man; and he took up the parcel of seeds from the counter, as the shopman stooped to look for a sheet of thick brown paper and packthread with which to tie it up.

The parcel was but loosely folded up, and as the impatient man lifted it, the weight of the peas, which were inside of it, burst the paper, and all the seeds fell out upon the floor, while Maurice in vain held out his

hands to catch them. The peas rolled to all parts of the shop; the impatient man swore; but Maurice, without being out of humor, set about collecting them as fast as possible.

While the boy was busied in this manner, the man got the seeds he wanted. As he was talking about them, a sailor came into the shop, and said, "Captain, the wind has changed within these five minutes, and it looks as if we should have ugly weather."

"Well, I'm glad of it," replied the rough-faced man, who was the captain of the ship. "I am glad to have a day longer to stay ashore, and I've business enough on my hands."

The captain pushed forward towards the shop door. Maurice, who was kneeling on the floor, picking up his seeds, saw that the captain's foot was entangled in some packthread which hung down from the shelf on which stood the china jar. Maurice saw that if the captain took one more step forward, he would pull the string, so that it would throw down the jar, around the bottom of which the packthread was en-

tangled. He immediately caught hold of the captain's leg and stopped him. "Stay! stand still, sir!" said he, "or you will break your china jar."

The man stood still, looked, and saw how the packthread had caught in his shoe-



buckle, and how it had nearly dragged down his beautiful china jar. "I am really very much obliged to you, my little fellow," said he. "You have saved my jar, which I would not have broken for ten guineas; for it is for my wife, and I've brought it safe from abroad for many a league. It would have been a pity if I had broken it just when it was safely landed. I am really much obliged to you, my little fellow; this is returning good for evil. I am sorry that I threw down your seeds, because you are such a good-natured, forgiving boy. Be so kind," continued he, to the shopman, "as to reach down that china jar for me."

The shopman lifted down the jar very carefully, and the captain took off the cover, and pulled out some tulip roots. "You seem, by the quantity of seeds you have got, to belong to a gardener's family. Are you not fond of gardening?" said he to Maurice.

"Yes, sir," replied Maurice, "very fond of it; my father is a gardener, and he lets me help him at his work, and he has given me a little garden of my own."

"Then here are a couple of tulip roots for you; and if you take care of them, I'll promise you that you will have the finest tulips in England in your little garden. These tulips were given to me by a Dutch merchant, who told me that they were some of the rarest and finest in Holland. They will prosper with you, I'm sure, wind and weather permitting."

Maurice thanked the gentleman, and returned home, eager to show his precious tulip roots to his father, and to a companion of his, the son of a nurseryman, who lived near him. Arthur was the name of the nurseryman's son.

II

The first thing Maurice did, after showing his tulip roots to his father, was to run to Arthur's garden in search of him. Their gardens were separated only by a low wall of loose stones: "Arthur! Arthur! where are you? Are you in your garden? I want you." But Arthur made no answer, and did not, as usual, come running to meet his

friend. "I know where you are," continued Maurice, "and I'm coming to you as fast as the raspberry bushes will let me. I have good news for you — something you'll be delighted to see, Arthur! Ha! — but here is something that I am not delighted to see," said poor Maurice, who, when he had got through the raspberry bushes, and had come in sight of his own garden, beheld his bell glass — his beloved bell glass, under which his cucumbers were growing so finely — his only bell glass, broken to pieces!

"I am sorry for it," said Arthur, who stood leaning upon his spade in his own garden; "I am afraid you will be very angry with me."

"Why, was it you, Arthur, who broke my bell glass? O, how could you do it!"

"I was throwing weeds and rubbish over the wall, and by accident a great lump of couch grass, with stones hanging to the roots, fell upon your bell glass, and broke it as you see."

Maurice lifted up the lump of couch grass, which had fallen through the broken glass

upon his cucumbers, and he looked at his cucumbers for a moment in silence. "O my poor cucumbers! you must all die now. I shall see all your yellow flowers withered to-morrow; but it is done, and it cannot be helped; so, Arthur, let us say no more about it."

"You are very good; I thought you would be angry. I am sure I should have been exceedingly angry if the glass had been mine and you had broken it."

"Oh, forgive and forget, as my father always says; that's the best way. See what I have got for you." Then he told Arthur the story of the captain of the ship, and the china jar; of his seeds having been thrown down, and of the fine tulip roots that had been given to him; and he concluded by offering one of the precious roots to Arthur, who thanked him with great joy, and repeatedly said; "How good you are not to be angry with me for breaking your bell glass. I am much more sorry for it than if you had been in a passion with me!"

Arthur now went to plant his tulip root;

and Maurice looked at the beds that his companion had been digging, and at all the things that were coming up in his garden.

“I don’t know how it is,” said Arthur, “but you always seem as glad to see the things in my garden coming up, and doing well, as if they were all your own. I am much happier since my father came to live here, and since you and I have been allowed to work and to play together, than I ever was before; for you must know, before we came to live here, I had a cousin in the house with me, who used to plague me. He was not nearly as good-natured as you are. He never took pleasure in looking at my garden, or in anything that I did, that was well done; and he never gave me a share of anything that he had; and so I did not like him; how could I? But I believe that hating people makes us unhappy; for I know that I never was happy when I was quarreling with him; and I am always happy with you, Maurice. You know we never quarrel.”

THE BAREFOOT BOY



Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !
With thy upturned pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes ;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace ;
From my heart I give thee joy, —
I was once a barefoot boy !
Prince thou art, — the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride !
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye, —

Outward sunshine, inward joy :
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood ;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground mole sinks his well ;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung ;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine :
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans ! —
For, eschewing books and tasks,

Nature answers all he asks ;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy, —
Blessings on the barefoot boy !

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming birds and honey bees ;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade ;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone ;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall ;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides !
Still as my horizon grew,

Larger grew my riches too ;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread, —
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the doorstone, gray and rude !
O'er me like a regal tent,
Cloudy ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold ;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;
And to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch : pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can !
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew ;

Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat :
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil :
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground ;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

HOW THE KING VISITED ROBIN HOOD

Now the King had no mind that Robin Hood should do as he willed, and called his Knights to follow him to Nottingham, where they would lay plans how best to take captive the felon. Here they heard sad tales of Robin's misdoings, and how, of the many herds of wild deer that had been wont to

roam the forest, in some places scarcely one remained. This was the work of Robin Hood and his merry men, on whom the King swore vengeance with a great oath.

"I would I had this Robin Hood in my hands," cried he, "and an end should soon be put to his doings." So spake the King; but an old Knight, full of days and wisdom, answered him and warned him that the task of taking Robin Hood would be a sore one, and best let alone. The King, who had seen the vanity of his hot words the moment he had uttered them, listened to the old man, and resolved to bide his time, if perchance some day Robin should fall into his power.

All this time and for six weeks later that he dwelt in Nottingham the King could hear nothing of Robin, who seemed to have vanished into the earth with his merry men, though one by one the deer were vanishing too!

At last one day a forester came to the King, and told him that if he would see Robin, he must come with him and take five

of his best Knights. The King eagerly sprang up to do his bidding, and the six men clad in monks' clothes mounted their palfreys and rode down to the Abbey, the King wearing an Abbot's broad hat over his crown and singing as he passed through the greenwood.

Suddenly at the turn of a path Robin and his archers appeared before them.



“By your leave, Sir Abbot,” said Robin, seizing the King’s bridle, “you will stay a while with us. Know that we are yeomen,

who live upon the King's deer, and other food have we none. Now you have abbeys and churches, and gold in plenty ; therefore give us some of it, in the name of holy charity."

"I have no more than forty pounds with me," answered the King, "but sorry I am it is not a hundred, for you should have had it all."

So Robin took the forty pounds, and gave half to his men, and then told the King he might go on his way. "I thank you," said the King, "but I would have you know that our liege lord has bid me bear you his seal, and pray you to come to Nottingham."

At this message Robin bent his knee.

"I love no man in all the world so well as I do my King," he cried, "and Sir Abbot, for thy tidings, which fill my heart with joy, to-day thou shalt dine with me, for love of my King." Then he led the King into an open place, and Robin took a horn and blew it loud, and at its blast sevenscore of young men came speedily to do his will.

"They are quicker to do his bidding than my men are to do mine," said the King to himself.

Speedily the foresters set out the dinner, venison, and white bread, and the good red wine, and Robin and Little John served the King. "Make good cheer," said Robin, "Abbot, for charity, and then you shall see what sort of life we lead, so that you may tell our King."

When he had finished eating, the archers took their bows, and hung rose garlands up with a string, and every man was to shoot through the garland. If he failed, he should have a buffet on the head from Robin.

Good bowmen as they were, few managed to stand the test. Little John and Will Scarlett, and Much, all shot wide of the mark, and at length no one was left in the contest but Robin himself and Gilbert of the White Hand. Then Robin fired his last bolt, and it fell three fingers from the garland. "Master," said Gilbert, "you have lost, stand forth and take your punishment."

"I will take it," answered Robin, "but,

Sir Abbot, I pray you that I may suffer it at your hands."

The King hesitated. It did not become him, he said, to smite such a stout yeoman, but Robin bade him smite on; so he turned up his sleeve, and gave Robin such a buffet on the head that he rolled upon the ground.

"There is pith in your arm," said Robin. "Come, shoot a-main with me." And the King took up a bow, and, in so doing, his hat fell back and Robin saw his face.

"My lord the King of England, now I know you well," cried he, and he fell on his knees and all the outlaws with him. "Mercy I ask, my lord the King, for my men and me."

"Mercy I grant," then said the King, "and therefore I came hither, to bid you and your men leave the greenwood and dwell in my Court with me."

"So shall it be," answered Robin, "I and my men will come to your Court, and see how your service liketh us."

ANDREW LANG.

THE CUB'S TRIUMPH

Once upon a time there lived in a forest a badger and a mother fox with one little Cub.

There were no other beasts in the wood, because the hunters had killed them all with bows and arrows, or by setting snares. The deer, and the wild boar, the hares, the weasels, and the stoats—even the bright little squirrels—had been shot, or had fallen into traps. At last, only the badger and the fox, with her young one, were left, and they were starving, for they dared not venture from their holes for fear of the traps.

They did not know what to do, or where to turn for food. At last the badger said :

“I have thought of a plan. I will pretend to be dead. You must change yourself into a man, and take me into the town and sell me. With the money you get for me, you must buy food and bring it into the forest. When I get a chance, I will run away, and come back to you, and we will eat our dinner together. Remember to

wait for me, and don't eat anything until I come. Next week it will be your turn to be dead, and my turn to sell—do you see?”

The fox thought that this plan would do very well; so, as soon as the badger had lain down and pretended to be dead, she said to her little Cub:

“Be sure not to come out of the hole until I come back. Be very good and quiet, and I will soon bring you some nice dinner.”

She then changed herself into a wood-cutter, took the badger by the heels, swung him over her shoulders, and trudged off into the town. There she sold the badger for a fair price, and with the money bought some fish, some *tofu*,¹ and some vegetables. She then ran back to the forest as fast as she could, changed herself into a fox again, and crept into her hole to see whether little Cub was all right. Little Cub was there, safe enough, but very hungry, and he wanted to begin upon the *tofu* at once.

¹Curd made from white beans

"No, no," said the mother fox. "Fair play's a jewel. We must wait for the badger."

Soon the badger arrived, quite out of breath with running so fast.

"I hope you haven't been eating any of the dinner," he panted. "I could not get away sooner. The man you sold me to brought his wife to look at me, and boasted how cheaply he had bought me. You should have asked twice as much. At last they left me alone, and then I jumped up and ran away as fast as I could."

The badger, the fox, and the Cub now sat down to dinner, and had a fine feast, the badger taking care to get the best bits for himself.

Some days after, when all the food was finished, and they had begun to get hungry again, the badger said to the fox:

"Now it's your turn to die." So the fox pretended to be dead, and the badger changed himself into a hunter, shouldered the fox, and went off to the town, where he made a good bargain, and sold her for a nice little sum of money.

You have seen already that the badger was greedy and selfish. What do you think he did now? He wished to have all the money, and all the food it would buy for himself, so he whispered to the man who had bought the fox:

"That fox is only pretending to be dead; take care he doesn't run away."

"We'll soon settle that," said the man, and he knocked the fox on the head with a big stick, and killed her.

The badger next spent the money in buying all the nice things he could think of. He carried them off to the forest, and there ate them all up himself, without giving one bit to the poor little Cub, who was all alone, crying for its mother, very sad, and very hungry.

Poor little motherless Cub! But, being a clever little fox, he soon began to put two and two together, and at last felt quite sure that the badger had, in some way, caused the loss of his mother.

He made up his mind that he would punish the badger; and, as he was not big

enough or strong enough to do it by force, he was obliged to try another plan.

He did not let the badger see how angry he was with him, but said in a friendly tone :

“Let us have a game of changing ourselves into men. If you can change yourself so cleverly that I cannot find you out, you will have won the game ; but if I change myself so that you cannot find me out, then I shall have won the game. I will begin, if you like ; and, you may be sure, I shall turn myself into somebody very grand while I am about it.”

The badger agreed. So then, instead, of changing himself at all, the cunning little Cub just went and hid himself behind a tree, and watched to see what would happen. Presently there came along the bridge leading into the town a nobleman, seated in a sedan chair, a great crowd of servants and men at arms following him.

The badger was quite sure that this must be the fox, so he ran up to the sedan-chair, put in his head, and cried :

“I’ve found you out! I’ve won the game!”

“A badger! A badger! Off with his head,” cried the nobleman.

So one of the retainers cut off the badger's head with one blow of his sharp sword while the little Cub all the time laughed unseen behind the tree.

From the Japanese, translated by MRS. T. H. JAMES.

MERCURY AND THE WOODMAN

A man who was cutting down a tree on the bank of a river let his ax slip, and it fell into the water. Of course it sank to the bottom of the stream. The woodman was greatly distressed, and sat down on the bank, grieving sorely because of his loss.

Soon Mercury, a god, appeared and said, “What are you grieving about?” The man told him that he had lost his ax in the water. Then Mercury dived to the bottom of the river and brought up a golden ax, which he offered to the woodman. But the woodman refused to take it, saying that it did not belong to him.

Then Mercury dived again and brought

up another ax. This one was made of silver, and the god offered it to the woodman. But he refused to take this, also, saying it was not his.

A third time Mercury went to the bottom of the water and brought up an ax. This time, however, it was the man's ax. When it was offered to him, the woodman took it with great joy and gratitude. The honesty of the man pleased Mercury so much that he gave him the gold and silver axes, too.

The man told some of the other woodmen about his good fortune. Immediately one of them went to the river and let his ax fall in. Then he began to bewail his loss in a loud voice. Soon Mercury appeared and asked him why he was so unhappy. The man told him that he had lost his ax in the river.

Mercury dived once more to the bottom of the water and brought up another golden ax. He asked the man whether it was the one he had lost.

The woodman was so anxious to get the

valuable ax that he quickly said it was his, and tried to snatch it out of Mercury's hand. But the god, knowing that he was lying, not only refused to give him the golden ax, but his own also, which was lying at the bottom of the river.

ÆSOP.

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE DOCTOR

An old woman, who was troubled with bad eyes, sent for a doctor. He said that he would cure them if she would pay him a certain sum of money. She agreed to do this.

He was a very skillful doctor but a very wicked man. Every day he would put a bandage on the old woman's eyes. Then he would steal a piece of her furniture and carry it away.

Finally, he told her that her eyes were cured. By this time he had carried nearly everything out of the room. When he asked her to pay him for his services, she refused to do so. She said that her sight was worse than ever.

Then the doctor brought suit against her, and she was summoned to appear in court. When she came before the judge, she said:

"Your Honor, before this man treated my eyes I could see a large number of things in my room that I cannot see now."

The judge saw at once that the doctor was a thief. He compelled him to return the stolen furniture to the old woman. And in addition, he would not allow him to collect any money from her for pretending to cure her eyes.

ÆSOP.

A QUARREL AMONG QUAILS

Long, long ago, and far, far away, a flock of quails lived in a forest. There was only one thing that made them unhappy. A quail catcher lived near by. He used to go to the forest and whistle like a quail. They would answer his call, and when a number of them had gathered together, he would throw a large net over them. Then

he would cram them into a basket and carry them off to be sold. But there was a very wise quail in the flock. One day he said to the others :

“ I have been thinking about our troubles with the fowler. I think I have a plan by which we can escape from his net.”

All the quails were, of course, anxious to hear about it, and so he explained his plan as follows :

“ Hereafter,” he said, “ when the fowler throws the net over us, let each one put his head through a mesh. Then let all of us lift together, and fly away with the net. When we reach a safe place, we will let the net fall on a thorn bush and then fly from under it.”

All quickly agreed to the plan.

The next day the fowler came to the forest. It was not long before he had trapped the quails under his net. However, he was surprised to see them lift the net and fly away. Soon they dropped it on the thorn bush and escaped. It was not an easy task for the fowler to free his net from the

thorn bush, and it grew dark before he reached home.

For many days the fowler tried to trap the quails, but they always escaped by carrying out the wise quail's plan. One day after he had returned home with an empty basket, his wife asked in an angry tone: "Why is it that you never bring home any more birds?"

The fowler answered: "I cannot catch them. They are too wise for me. All of the birds act together. They all help one another. If they would only quarrel, I could catch them without any trouble."

Alas! a few days later, as the birds were alighting on the feeding ground, one of them trod on a brother quail. He was very angry, and shouted: "Who trod on my head?"

"I did," said the other quail. "Please don't be angry, for I did not mean to."

But this did not satisfy the angry brother. Again he shouted: "It was I who lifted the net of the fowler. You did not lift at all!"

Now this made the other quail angry, and it was not long before the whole flock was taking part in the quarrel. This gave the fowler his chance. Once more he uttered the call of the quails, and as soon as some of them had gathered where he had scattered food, he threw the large net over them. They were still quarreling and were not working together to lift the net. The fowler quickly lifted the net himself and crammed the poor quails into his basket. But the wise quail was not among them. He had called his friends together and had flown far into the woods. He knew that quarrels bring misfortune, and was wise enough to avoid them.

Retold from The "Jātaka."

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around ;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossom-
ing ground ?

There are notes of joy from the hangbird
and wren,

And the gossip of swallows through all
the sky ;

The ground squirrel
gayly chirps
by his den,

And the wilding
bee hums
merrily by.

The clouds are at
play in the
azure space,

And their shadows at play on the bright
green vale,

And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen
bower,

There's a titter of winds in that beechen
tree,

There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on
the flower,

And a laugh from the brook that runs to
the sea.



And look at the broad-faced sun, how he
smiles

On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles ;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM

An old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause for complaint suddenly stopped early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring. Upon this the Dial-plate (if we may credit the fable) changed countenance with alarm ; the Hands made an ineffectual effort to continue their course ; the Wheels remained motionless with surprise ; the Weights hung speechless. Each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others.

At length the Dial instituted a formal inquiry into the cause of the stop, when Hands, Wheels, Weights with one voice protested their innocence. But now a faint

tick was heard from the Pendulum, who thus spoke :

“ I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage, and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking.” Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged that it was on the point of striking.

“ Lazy Wire,” exclaimed the Dial-plate.

“ As to that,” replied the Pendulum, “ it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me — it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness — you who have nothing to do all your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen. Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and wag backward and forward year after year, as I do.”

“ As to that,” said the Dial, “ is there not a window in your house on purpose for you to look through ?”

“But what of that?” resumed the Pendulum. “Although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for one instant, to look out. Besides, I am really weary of my way of life; and, if you please, I’ll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment.

“This morning I happened to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours—perhaps some of you above there can tell me the exact sum?”

The Minute-hand, being quick at figures, replied, “Eighty-six thousand four hundred times.”

“Exactly so,” replied the Pendulum.

“Well, I appeal to you all whether the thought of this was not enough to fatigue one. And when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder that I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, I thought to myself, ‘I’ll stop!’”

The Dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming

its gravity, thus replied: "Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this suggestion. It is true, you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do more; and though this may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is: Will it fatigue to *do*? Would you now do me the favor to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?" The Pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace.

"Now," resumed the Dial, "was that exertion fatiguing to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the Pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

"Very good," replied the Dial; "but recollect that, although you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the Pendulum.

"Then I hope," added the Dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty, for the people will lie in bed until noon if we stand idling thus."

Upon this, the Weights, who had never been accused of *light* conduct, used all their influence in urging the Pendulum to proceed; when, as with one consent, the Wheels began to turn, the Hands began to move, the Pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the Dial-plate, made it brighten up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast, he declared, upon looking at the clock, that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

JANE TAYLOR

THE BLIND MAN AND THE LAME MAN

There was once a blind man who met a lame man on a bad stretch of road. He asked the lame man to be kind enough to help him over the rough place.

"I can't do it," said the lame man. "I am not strong enough. I can hardly drag myself over. But you are strong. If you



will carry me, I will guide you, and we shall both be able to move along."

"Very well," said the blind man. And

he took the lame man on his back. One man used his strength, and the other used his eyes, and they soon passed over the troublesome place.

ÆSOP.

THE TALKATIVE TORTOISE

In a pond in the mountains there once lived a tortoise. Two wild geese, who came there for food, made friends with him, and one day when they had become very intimate with him, they said to the tortoise: "Friend tortoise, the place where we live, at the Golden Cave, on Mount Beautiful, is a delightful spot. Will you come there with us?"

"But how can I get there?" asked the tortoise.

"We can take you, if you can only hold your tongue and say nothing to anybody."

"Oh! I can easily do that. Take me with you."

"Very well," said the wild geese. And making the tortoise bite hold of a stick, they themselves took the two ends in their bills, and flew up into the air.

Seeing him thus carried along, some villagers called out, "Two wild geese are carrying a tortoise along on a stick!"



Whereupon the tortoise wanted to say, "If my friends choose to carry me, what is that to you?" So, just as the swift flight of the geese had brought him over the king's palace in the great city, he let go the stick he was biting, and falling into the courtyard of the palace, he was split in two.

The king and his servants came out of the palace and found him there. And when the king asked the meaning of this, one of the wise men answered: "O king, this

tortoise could not keep from talking. And thus whoever cannot hold his tongue meets with some mishap."

A Hindoo Fable.

THE MAGIC MASK

There was once a great and powerful prince. He had hundreds of soldiers in his army, and with their help he had conquered vast strips of country, over which he ruled. He was wise as well as brave, but, though all men feared his iron will and respected his strong purpose, no one loved him. As he grew older, he became lonely and unhappy, and this made him sterner, and colder, and more severe than ever. The lines about his mouth were hard and grim, there was a deep frown on his forehead, and his lips rarely smiled.

Now it happened that in one of the cities over which he had come to rule was a beautiful princess whom he wished to have for his wife. He had watched her for many months as she went about among the people, and he knew that she was as good

and kind as she was beautiful. But, because he always wore his armor and his heavy helmet when he rode through his dominions, she had never seen his face.

The day came when he made up his mind that he would ask the lovely princess to come and live in his palace. He put on his royal robes and his golden coronet ; but, when he looked at his reflection in the glass, he could see nothing but what would cause fear and dislike. His face looked hard and cruel and stern. He tried to smile, but it seemed like an unnatural effort, and he quickly gave it up. Then a happy notion came to him. Sending for the court magician, he said to him : " Make me a mask of the thinnest wax so that it will follow every line of my features, but paint it with your magic paints so that it will look kind and pleasant instead of fierce and stern. Fasten it upon my face so that I shall never have to take it off. Make it as handsome and attractive as your skill can suggest, and I will pay for it any price you choose to ask."

“This I can do,” said the court magician, “on one condition only. You must keep your own face in the same lines that I shall paint, or the mask will be ruined. One angry frown, one cruel smile will crack the mask and ruin it forever; nor can I replace it. Will you agree to this?”

The prince had a strong will, and never in his life had he wanted anything so much as he now wanted the princess for his wife. “Yes,” he said, “I agree. Tell me how I may keep the mask from cracking.”

“You must train yourself to think kindly thoughts,” said the magician, “and, to do this, you must do kindly deeds. You must try to make your kingdom happy rather than great. Whenever you are angry, keep absolutely still until the feeling has gone away. Try to think of ways to make your subjects happier and better. Build schools instead of forts, and hospitals instead of battleships. Be gracious and courteous to all men.”

So the wonderful mask was made, and

when the prince put it on, no one would have guessed that it was not his true face. The lovely princess, indeed, could find no fault with it, and she came willingly to be his bride in his splendid palace. The months went on, and, though at first the magic mask was often in danger of being destroyed, the prince was as good as his word, and no one ever discovered that it was false. His subjects, it is true, wondered at his new gentleness and thoughtfulness, but they said: "It is the princess who has made him like herself."

The prince, however, was not quite happy. When the princess smiled her approval of his forbearance and goodness, he used to wish that he had never deceived her with the magic mask. At last he could bear it no longer, and, summoning the magician, he bade him remove the false face.

"If I do, your Royal Highness," protested the magician, "I can never make another. You must wear your own face as long as you live."

"Better so," cried the prince, "than to

deceive one whose love and trust I value so greatly. Better even that she should always despise me than that I should go on doing what is unworthy for her sake."

Then the magician took off the mask, and the prince in fear and anguish of heart sought his reflection in the glass. As he looked, his eyes brightened and his lips curved into a radiant smile, for the ugly lines were gone, the frown had disappeared, and his face was molded in the exact likeness of the mask he had worn so long. And, when he came into the presence of his wife, she saw only the familiar features of the prince she loved.

Adapted by MRS. CHARLES A. LANE.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Snug and safe is this nest of ours,

Hidden among the summer flowers.

Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,

Wearing a bright, black wedding coat ;

White are his shoulders, and white his crest,

Hear him call in his merry note,

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink,

Look what a nice, new coat is mine ;

Sure there was never a bird so fine.

Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,

Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,

Passing at home a patient life,

Broods in the grass while her husband
sings

Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,

Spink, spank, spink,

Brood, kind creature, you need not fear

Thieves and robbers while I am here.

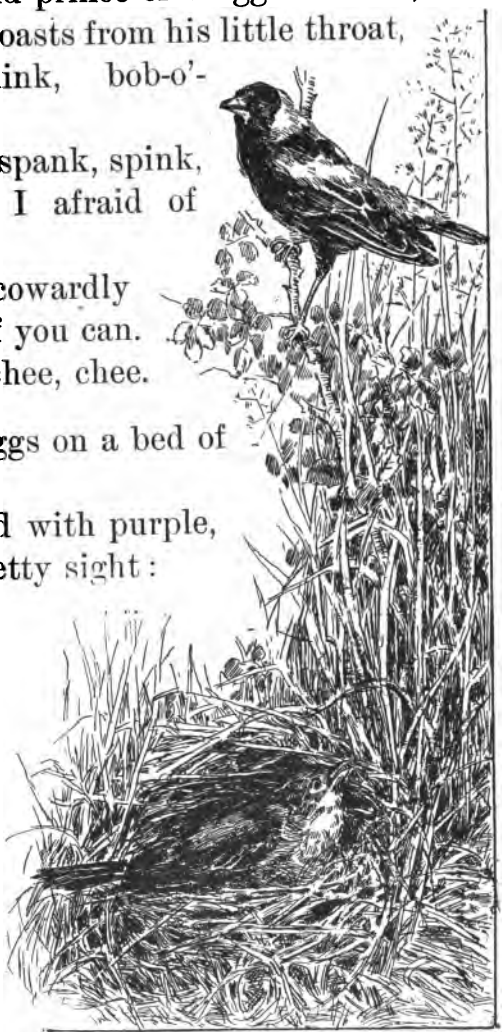
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she ;

One weak chirp is her only note ;

Braggart, and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-
link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Never was I afraid of
man,
Catch me, cowardly
knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of
hay,
Flecked with purple,
a pretty sight :



There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food ;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care,
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nobody knows but my mate and I,

Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes ; the children are grown ;
Fun and frolic no more he knows,
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum drone ;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

SARA CREWE

It was a dreadful afternoon. For several days it had rained continuously ; the streets were chilly and sloppy. There was mud everywhere, sticky London mud ; and over everything was a pall of fog and drizzle. Of course there were several long and tiresome errands to be done, — there always were on days like this, — and Sara was sent out again and again, until her shabby clothes were damp through. Added

to this, she had been deprived of her dinner, because Miss Minchin wished to punish her.

She hurried on, trying to comfort herself in that queer way of her's by pretending and "supposing," — but really this time it was harder than she had ever found it before, and once or twice she thought it almost made her more cold and hungry instead of less so. But she persevered obstinately.

"Suppose I had dry clothes on," she thought. "Suppose I had good shoes and a long, thick coat and merino stockings and a whole umbrella. And suppose — suppose, just when I was near a baker's where they sold hot buns, I should find sixpence, which belonged to nobody. Suppose, if I did, I should go into the shop and buy six of the hottest buns, and should eat them all without stopping."

Some very odd things happen in this world sometimes. It certainly was an odd thing that happened to Sara. She had to cross the street as she was saying this to

herself, and just as she reached the pavement she saw something shining in the gutter. Not quite a sixpence, but the next thing to it—a four-penny piece! In one second it was in her cold, little red and blue hand.

“Oh!” she gasped. “It is true!”

And then, if you will believe me, she looked straight before her at the shop directly facing her. And it was a baker’s, and a cheerful, stout, motherly woman, with rosy cheeks, was just putting into the window a tray of delicious hot buns, — large, plump, shiny buns, with currants in them.

She knew that she need not hesitate to use the little piece of money. It had evidently been lying in the mud for some time, and its owner was completely lost in the streams of passing people who crowded and jostled each other all through the day.

“But I’ll go and ask the baker’s woman if she has lost a piece of money,” she said to herself, rather faintly.

So she crossed the pavement and put her

wet foot on the step of the shop; and as she did so she saw something that made her stop.

It was a little figure more forlorn than her own — a little figure that was not much more than a bundle of rags, from which small, bare, red and muddy feet peeped out. Above the rags appeared a shock head of tangled hair and dirty face, with big, hollow, hungry eyes.

Sara knew they were hungry eyes the moment she saw them, and she felt a sudden sympathy.

“Are you hungry?” she asked.

The child shuffled herself and her rags a little.

“Haven’t you had any dinner?” said Sara.

“No dinner, no breakfast — no supper — nothing.”

“Since when?” asked Sara.

“Don’t know. I’ve asked and asked.”

“Wait a minute,” she said to the beggar-child. She went into the shop. It was warm and smelled delightfully. The woman

was just going to put more hot buns in the window.

"If you please," said Sara, "have you lost fourpence — a silver fourpence?" And she held the forlorn little piece of money out to her.

"Bless us — no," she answered. "Did you find it?"

"In the gutter," said Sara.

"Keep it, then," said the woman. "It may have been there a week, and goodness knows who lost it. You could never find out."

"I know that," said Sara, "but I thought I'd ask you."

"Not many would," said the woman, looking puzzled and interested and good-natured all at once. "Do you want to buy something?" she added, as she saw Sara glance toward the buns.

"Four buns, if you please," said Sara; "those at a penny each."

The woman went to the window and put some in a paper bag. Sara noticed that she put in six.

"I said four, if you please," she explained.
"I have only the fourpence."

"I'll throw in two for make-weight," said the woman, with her good-natured look. "I dare say you can eat them some time. Aren't you hungry?"

A mist rose before Sara's eyes.

"Yes," she answered. "I am very hungry, and I am much obliged to you for your kindness, and," she was going to add, "there is a child outside who is hungrier than I am." But just at that moment two or three customers came in at once and each one seemed in a hurry, so she could only thank the woman again and go out.

The child was still huddled up on the corner of the steps. Sara opened the paper bag and took out one of the hot buns, which



had already warmed her cold hands a little.

"See," she said, putting the bun on the ragged lap, "that is nice and hot. Eat it, and you will not be so hungry."

The child started and stared up at her; then she snatched up the bun and began to cram it into her mouth with great wolfish bites.

Sara took out two more buns and put them down.

"She is hungrier than I am," she said to herself. "She's starving." But her hand trembled as she put down the fourth bun. "I'm not starving," she said — and she put down the fifth.

The little starving London savage was still snatching and devouring when she turned away. She was too ravenous to give any thanks, even if she had been taught politeness — which she had not. She was only a poor little wild animal.

"Good-by," said Sara.

Sara gave her a little nod, and the child jerked her shaggy head in response, and

until Sara was out of sight she did not take another bite or even finish the one she had begun.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. *Abridged.*

THE HALF-CHICK

Once upon a time there was a handsome black Spanish hen who had a large brood of chickens. They were all fine, plump little birds except the youngest, who was quite unlike his brothers and sisters. Indeed, he was such a strange, queer-looking creature that when he first clipped his shell, his mother could scarcely believe her eyes, he was so different from the twelve other fluffy, downy, soft little chicks who nestled under her wings. This one looked just as if he had been cut in two. He had only one leg, and one wing, and one eye, and he had half a head and half a beak. His mother shook her head sadly as she looked at him and said :

“My youngest born is only a half-chick. He can never grow up into a tall handsome cock like his brothers. They will go out into

the world and rule over poultry yards of their own; but this poor little fellow will have to stay at home with his mother." And she called him Medio Pollito, which is Spanish for half-chick.

Now, although Medio Pollito was such an odd, helpless-looking little thing, his mother soon found that he was not at all willing to remain under her wing and protection. Indeed, in character he was as unlike his brothers and sisters as he was in appearance. They were good, obedient chickens, and when the old hen chicked after them, they chirped and ran back to her side. But Medio Pollito had a roving spirit in spite of one leg, and when his mother called to him to return to the coop, he pretended that he could not hear, because he had only one ear.

When she took the whole family out for a walk in the fields, Medio Pollito would hop away by himself and hide among the corn. Many an anxious minute his brothers and sisters had looking for him, while his mother ran to and fro cackling in fear and dismay.

As he grew older he became more self-willed and disobedient, and his manner to his mother was often very rude, and his temper to the other chickens very disagreeable.



One day he had been out for a longer expedition than usual in the fields. On his return he strutted up to his mother with the peculiar little hop and kick that was his way of walking, and cocking his one eye at her in a very bold way he said :

“Mother, I am tired of this life in a dull farmyard, with nothing but a dreary maize field to look at. I’m off to Madrid to see the king.”

“To Madrid, Medio Pollito!” exclaimed his mother. “Why, you silly chick, it would be a long journey for a grown-up cock, and a poor little thing like you would be tired out before you had gone half the distance. No, no, stay at home with your mother, and some day, when you are bigger, we will go on a little journey together.”

But Medio Pollito had made up his mind, and he would not listen to his mother's advice or to the prayers and entreaties of his brothers and sisters.

"What is the use of our all crowding each other up in this poky little place?" he said. "When I have a fine courtyard of my own at the king's palace, I shall, perhaps, ask some of you to come and pay me a short visit."

And scarcely waiting to say good-by to his family, away he stumped down the high-road that led to Madrid.

"Be sure that you are kind and civil to every one you meet," called his mother, running after him; but he was in such a hurry to be off that he did not wait to answer her or even to look back.

A little later in the day, as he was taking a short cut through a field, he passed a stream. Now, the stream was all choked up and overgrown with weeds and water plants, so that its waters could not flow freely.

"Oh! Medio Pollito," it cried as the half-chick hopped along its banks, "do come

and help me by clearing away these weeds."

"Help you, indeed!" exclaimed Medio Pollito, tossing his head and shaking the few feathers in his tail. "Do you think I have nothing to do but to waste my time on such trifles? Help yourself and don't trouble busy travelers. I am off to Madrid to see the king," and hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, away stumped Medio Pollito.

A little later he came to a fire that had been left by some gypsies in a wood. It was burning very low and would soon be out.

"Oh! Medio Pollito," cried the fire in a weak, wavering voice as the half-chick approached, "in a few minutes I shall go quite out unless you put some sticks and dry leaves upon me. Do help me or I shall die!"

"Help you, indeed!" answered Medio Pollito. "I have other things to do. Gather sticks for yourself and don't trouble me. I am off to Madrid to see the king," and hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, away stumped Medio Pollito.

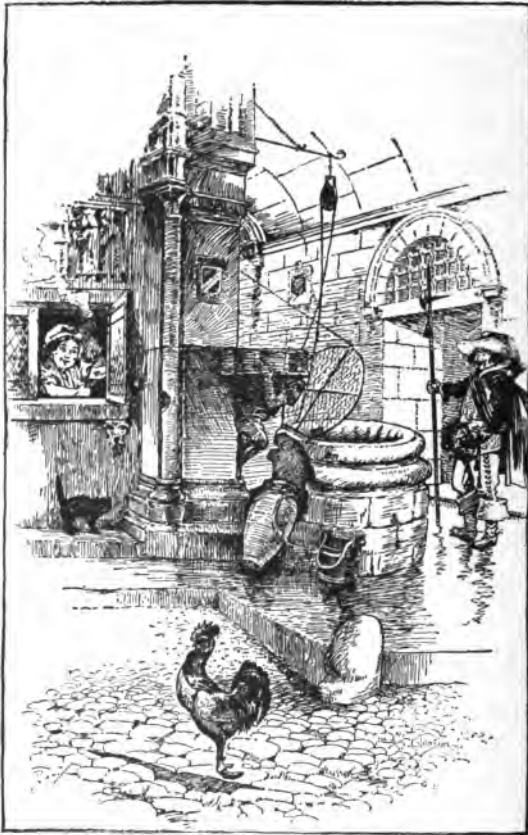
The next morning, as he was getting near Madrid, he passed a large chestnut tree, in whose branches the wind was caught and entangled.

"Oh! Medio Pollito," called the wind, "do hop up here and help me to get free of these branches. I cannot come away and it is so uncomfortable."

"It is your own fault for going there," answered Medio Pollito. "I can't waste all my morning stopping here to help you. Just shake yourself off, and don't hinder me, for I am off to Madrid to see the king," and hoppity-kick, hoppity-kick, away stumped Medio Pollito in great glee, for the towers and roofs of Madrid were now in sight. When he entered the town, he saw before him a great splendid house, with soldiers standing before the gates. This he knew must be the king's palace, and he determined to hop up to the front gate and wait there until the king came out. But as he was hopping past one of the back windows the king's cook saw him.

"Here is the very thing I want," he

exclaimed, "for the king has just sent a message to say that he must have chicken



broth for his dinner." Opening the window he stretched out his arm, caught Medio

Pollito, and popped him into the broth pot that was standing near the fire. Oh! how wet and clammy the water felt as it went over Medio Pollito's head, making his feathers cling to him.

"Water! water!" he cried in his despair, "do have pity upon me and do not wet me like this."

"Ah! Medio Pollito," replied the water, "you would not help me when I was a little stream away on the fields. Now you must be punished."

Then the fire began to burn and scald Medio Pollito, and he danced and hopped from one side of the pot to the other, trying to get away from the heat and crying out in pain.

"Fire! fire! do not scorch me like this; you can't think how it hurts."

"Ah! Medio Pollito," answered the fire, "you would not help me when I was dying away in the wood. You are being punished."

At last, just when the pain was so great that Medio Pollito thought he must die, the

cook lifted up the lid of the pot to see if the broth was ready for the king's dinner.

"Look here!" he cried in horror, "this chicken is quite useless. It is burned to a cinder. I can't send it up to the royal table." And, opening the window, he threw Medio Pollito out into the street. But the wind caught him up and whirled him through the air so quickly that Medio Pollito could scarcely breathe, and his heart beat against his side till he thought it would break.

"Oh, wind!" at last he gasped out, "if you hurry me along like this you will kill me. Do let me rest a moment, or —"

But he was so breathless that he could not finish his sentence.

"Ah! Medio Pollito," replied the wind, "when I was caught in the branches of the chestnut tree you would not help me. Now you are punished." And he swirled Medio Pollito over the roofs of the houses till they reached the highest church in the town, and there he left him fastened to the top of the steeple.

And there stands Medio Pollito to this day. And if you go to Madrid and walk through the streets till you come to the highest church, you will see Medio Pollito perched on his one leg on the steeple, with his one wing drooping at his side and gazing sadly out of his one eye over the town.



ANDREW LANG.

LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY

Over the mountains
 And over the waves,
 Under the fountains
 And under the graves ;
 Under floods that are deepest,
 Which Neptune obey,
 Over rocks that are steepest,
 Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
 For the glowworm to lie,

Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly ;
When the midge dare not venture
Lest herself fast she lay,
If Love come, he will enter
And will find out the way.

* * * * *

Old English.

JEAN VALJEAN AND THE GOOD BISHOP

Jean Valjean was born of a poor peasant family in France and was not even taught to read. He had lost his parents when very young and had only one relative left, a sister, who brought him up. When Jean was twenty-five his sister's husband died, leaving her with seven children whom Jean in his turn tried to support.

It was hard work, for Jean could earn very little, not more than eighteen sous a day, and he often took the best of his meal from his own plate to give to one of the children. There came a severe winter ; Jean had no work, the family had no bread, and there were seven hungry children.

One Sunday night, when the children were crying with hunger, Jean thrust his arm through the baker's window, seized a loaf of bread, and took it out. The baker saw the theft and followed him. Before he was caught, the thief threw away the bread, but his arm was still bleeding. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to five years in the galleys, where he sat, an iron collar riveted around his neck, with a chain attached, which bound him to the galley seat. Because he tried to escape and failed, he remained a galley slave for nineteen years — and all for stealing a loaf of bread.

When Jean left the galleys, he went out sullen and hardened. His wrongs had made him bitter, and he was more like an animal than a man. Wherever he went, every man's hand was raised against him, until he began to think that every one was his enemy.

At last he came to the town where a good bishop lived. At the inn they would not receive him because they knew him to be an ex-convict. He was not even allowed to sleep in a dog kennel nor to eat the food

saved for the dog. He went from one place to another, trying to get a night's lodging, but no one would take him in. Finally, he knocked loudly at the good bishop's door.

"Come in," said the bishop.

Jean entered, with a hard, tired, fierce look in his eyes that frightened the bishop's sister.

"See here!" he cried. "My name is Jean Valjean. I am a convict. I have been nineteen years in the galleys. Here is my yellow passport. It says: 'Five years for robbery and fourteen years for trying to escape. The man is very dangerous.' Nobody will take me in. I am very hungry. Are you an inn? I have money; my savings of nineteen years in the galleys. I will pay if you will give me something to eat. May I stay?"

The good bishop, who was a simple, loving man with a kind heart, and whom every one loved because he loved every one, said to his servant: "Put on another plate, please."

"Monsieur," said he to Jean, "sit down

and warm yourself; we are going to have supper presently, and your bed will be made ready while we sup."

Jean could hardly understand. He offered to pay for his lodging, but the bishop refused to take any money.

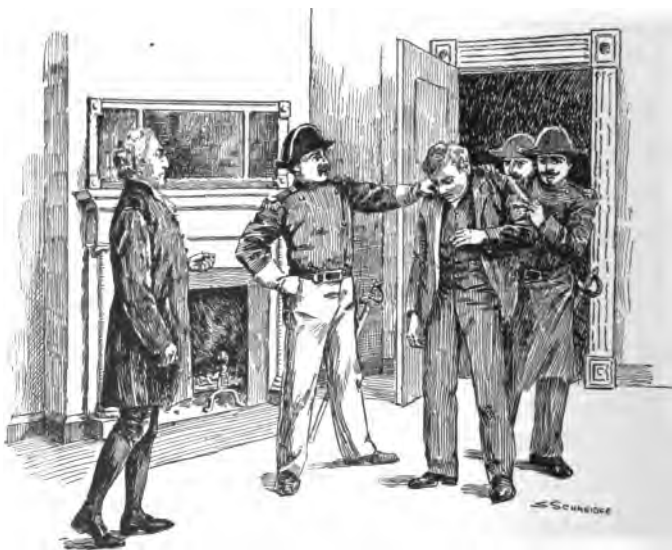
"This is your house, as much as mine," he said, "whatever is here is yours. What need have I to know your name? Besides, before you told me, I knew it. You are my brother."

The supper was served on the silver plates that the bishop used when he had guests, and was lighted by the silver candlesticks that he had received as a Christmas present.

After supper Jean was taken to his room, where he found a good bed and was soon asleep. Toward the middle of the night he awoke in a bitter mood. He thought of all his wrongs, he thought of the bishop's silver, and made up his mind to get even with the world by stealing the plates and the candlesticks. So he took what he could find, and crept away through the garden.

Even when the bishop discovered that his silver plates were gone and that Jean had escaped, he refused to blame him. "I have been thinking for a long time," said he, "that I ought not to keep the silver. I should have given it to the poor, and certainly that man is poor."

As he was breakfasting at the same table at which Jean had sat the night before, there came a knock at the door and a strange



group appeared on the threshold. Three men were holding a fourth by the collar.

The three men were policemen; the fourth was Jean Valjean.

Before the police could accuse their prisoner of anything, the bishop arose quickly.

"Ah, there you are!" said he, looking at Jean. "I am glad to see you. But I gave you the candlesticks also, which are silver like the rest. Why did you not take them along with your plates?"

Jean was stunned by the bishop's words, and so were the soldiers.

"Then what this man said was true," said the chief. "We met him. He was going like a man who was running away, and we arrested him in order to see. He had this silver."

"And he told you," interrupted the bishop with a smile, "that it had been given him by a good old man with whom he had passed the night. I see it all. And you brought him back here? It is all a mistake. You can let him go."

So the officers went away.

"Is it true that they have let me go?"

said Jean in a dazed way, as if he were speaking in his sleep.

"Yes, but before you go," replied the bishop, "here are your candlesticks; take them. And, by the way, when you come again, you need not come through the garden. You can always come in and go out by the front door. It is never latched, day or night."

Then the bishop drew nearer to him and said in a low tone, "Never forget that you have promised me to use this silver to become an honest man."

And though Jean could not remember having promised anything, he was touched by the bishop's goodness, and from that day he tried hard to become the sort of man that the bishop would like him to be.

From the French of VICTOR HUGO.

WHY VIOLETS HAVE GOLDEN HEARTS

Once in the long ago, there was a most beautiful garden where flowers of every kind grew. There were stately hollyhocks

and fresh white daisies and roses and violets and pansies and hyacinths and poppies and every other kind of flower that you ever dreamed or thought about.

Early one morning, when the bees and butterflies went to pay their morning calls, they found all the flowers in a perfect flutter of excitement.

A strange knight had passed through the garden the evening before and left word for every flower that the king of the garden was coming soon on a visit, and to the most beautiful flower he would bring a golden heart.

"To the most beautiful one was the message," nodded the crimson rose, pressing her baby buds close to her side.

"To the most beautiful one," rang out the lily bells, sweet and clear. "We heard, we heard!"

"To the most beautiful one," whispered the violets, bending their heads in prayer.

"Yes, yes," chimed in the snowdrops, one by one; "to the most beautiful one. We heard the message clearly.

“But who can be more beautiful than we, with our dresses of spotless white?”

“Surely the king will choose us, and for his coming we shall save all our sweetest nectar juice; all our pollen, all that we have we shall save for him who is our king.”

Thus talked the flowers together in the garden. Of course, every one wanted the golden heart, and every one began to work, trusting and hoping that its blossom might be the most beautiful one.

Now in those days, snowdrops held their heads up, and not down, as now, — neither did they have green spots on their dresses then. They were snowy white, and now that the king was coming, they thought so much more about their beautiful white dresses that they seemed to forget that it was better to be beautiful on the inside than on the outside.

They even forgot — these snowdrops — to be kind to their best friends, the bees and butterflies, and refused to give them either pollen or nectar juice.

And again they forgot to say good morning to their other friends, the lovely violets, growing so close to them, and making the breath of the whole garden fragrant with their perfume.

Indeed, the violets thought so much about making perfume for others that they forgot all about themselves, and even forgot the color of their dresses.

But the days passed quickly in the old garden, and it soon became a bower of glory indeed, as flower vied with flower to become the most beautiful, when the king should come.

The morning-glories hung out joy bells of white and pink and blue, climbing to the top of the garden wall that they might be first to tell the news that the king had come.

The trumpet vine climbed yet higher, even to the top of the tallest tree, that he might be first to see and welcome the king.

But the snowdrops only stood still and fretted. "See," they cried, "our dresses

are losing their freshness, and the nectar juice will be spoiled. Listen, do you not hear footsteps?"

Yes, some one was coming down the path, but it was only a wrinkled old woman, feeble and worn with the heat of the summer day.

As she passed slowly along, her eyes fell on the pure white snowdrops, and stretching her hands toward them, she said:

"Oh, you beautiful blossoms, can you not spare me one?"

"No, no! we have none to spare to-day," replied the snowdrops; "go away and come some other day. We are saving these for our king. Ask the violets close by. They can spare you some."

"Yes, yes," nodded the violets; "we should love to give you some. Take all you please. See, our bed is full, — enough for you and enough for our king."

And as the old woman stooped to gather the purple violets, her face seemed very fair to look upon.

"To-morrow, surely to-morrow the king

will come," fretted the snowdrops; "we have waited so long!"

But when the next day came, there was only a little bird with a broken wing that passed that way. Faint from hunger, he fell in the sand near the snowdrops and begged for just one tiny seed.

"No, no!" again said the snowdrops, "we have none to spare. Come some other day; we are saving these for our king."

"Take ours," cried the voice of the violets close by; "take ours, pretty bird, we have plenty to spare."

And the wounded bird ate and hopped away, and again his face seemed beautiful to look upon.

It was night, and the breezes were just lulling the flowers to sleep when another visitor stopped by the side of the snowdrops. But they sighed and turned their heads away, for this time there was only a crippled frog with an ugly bruise on his head.

"Water, only one drop of water, pretty snowdrops!" the frog said. "Your cups are full with sweetest nectar juice. Give to me, for I am dying with thirst."

But again the snowdrops shook their heads and turned away. "No, no!" they cried; "go away, ugly frog. We need our water to keep our dresses white, for the king is coming this way."

"Here is ours," called the violets sweet. "It is fresh and pure. Drink, tired frog, and

rest among our cooling leaves."

And then something wonderful indeed happened. The frog vanished from sight, and in his place stood the king of the garden himself, clothed in gold and royal purple, and in his hands he held a shower of golden hearts,

which fell among the violets and lodged lovingly beneath their fragrant petals.



Then turning to the snowdrops, who had hung their heads in shame, the king said :

“Spotted like thy heart, oh, snowdrops, thy dresses shall become, and when on them thou dost look, think and remember :

“Beautiful flowers are those that do
Deeds that are loving, kind, and true,
The long day through.

“Footsore and weary, I asked of you ; hungry, I came to you ; thirsty, I begged of you ; but you turned me away.”

“We did not know, we did not know,” sobbed the snowdrops. “Come, we have saved all for thee.”

But alas ! it was too late, for the king of the garden had come and gone, — leaving the snowdrops with spotted clothes and heads bowed low in the moonlight.

MADGE A. BIGHAM.

From “Fanciful Flower Tales.” Copyright 1909, 1910, by
Little, Brown, & Company.

SIR LARK AND KING SUN: A PARABLE

"Good morrow, my lord!" in the sky alone,
Sang the lark as the sun ascended his
throne.

"Shine on me, my lord; I only am come,
Of all your servants, to welcome you home.
I have flown right up, a whole hour, I swear,
To catch the first shine of your golden hair."

"Must I thank you then," said the king,
"Sir Lark,

For flying so high and hating the dark?
You ask a full cup for half a thirst:
Half was love of me, and half love to be first.
There's many a bird makes no such haste,
But waits till I come: that's as much to my
taste."

And King Sun hid his head in a turban of
cloud,

And Sir Lark stopped singing, quite vexed
and cowed;

But he flew up higher, and thought, "Anon
The wrath of the king will be over and
gone;

And 'his crown, shining out of its cloudy
fold,
Will change my brown feathers to a glory
of gold."

So he flew — with the strength of a lark he
flew ;

But, as he rose, the cloud rose too ;
And not one gleam of the golden hair
Came through the depths of the misty air ;
Till, weary with flying, with sighing sore,
The strong sun seeker could do no more.

His wings had had no chrism of gold ;
And his feathers felt withered and worn
and old ;
He faltered, and sank, and dropped like a
stone.

And there on his nest, where he left her,
alone
Sat his little wife on her little eggs,
Keeping them warm with wings and legs.

Did I say alone? Ah, no such thing!
Full in her face was shining the king.

“Welcome, Sir Lark! You look tired,”
said he;

“*Up* is not always the best way to me.
While you have been singing so high and
away,
I’ve been shining to your little wife all
day.”

He had set his crown all about the nest,
And out of the midst shone her little brown
breast;

And so glorious was she in russet gold,
That for wonder and awe Sir Lark grew
cold.

He popped his head under her wing, and
lay

As still as a stone, till King Sun was away.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

On the English sovereign piece you see
St. George slaying a dragon. The Saint’s
steed rears on its hind legs. The Knight’s
cloak flies in the wind. His right hand
grasps the deadly short sword that will

soon deal the last blow. On the ground wriggles the four-footed, winged beast, its snaky head lifted in rage, its eyes glaring in hatred of the bright captain who comes to deliver the people from its terror.



Such a dragon once lived (if you care to believe the story !) in the island of Rhodes, near the coast of Asia Minor.

Country folk came into the town with pale cheeks, telling how they had been pursued by the monster ; how they had caught the gleam of its great eyes through the trees of the forest ; how its jaws had opened to let out smoke and flames !

Or they reported the death of a young girl, a young man, or child under the claws of the terrible creature.

On the hill above the city stood a castle-

like building, with huge gates, thick walls, tall turrets. A chapel was inside. Every now and then you could hear the toll of the chapel bell, and you could hear the solemn chant of the monks. The place was the monastery of the Knights of St. John. The monks were half warriors, half men of prayer. They had a ruler over them who was known as the Grand Master.

One of the Knights of St. John went out to seek and kill the dragon. Alas! he never returned. In the monster's cave lay his bones and his sword and his shield.

A second went forth, hoping to gain the gift of a gold cross, which was to be presented to the conqueror of the dragon. He also failed; he also died.

A third ventured to attack the beast. The same fate befell him.

A fourth brave fellow followed, and he was devoured with the rest.

A fifth tried the awful task, and he did not succeed.

Great was the mourning among the citizens.

The Grand Master called his monks together and said :

“Brethren, it is beyond the power of man to conquer this beast. I forbid any of you to attempt it again.”

But one Knight thought much of the suffering of the people and of the tears that had been shed for the loss of so many victims. He longed to see the pleasant way through the forest made safe again for the feet of children. Notwithstanding the command of the Grand Master, he resolved that he himself would do what five comrades had been unable to perform.

For three months he prepared himself. He exercised himself in the use of lance and sword. Day after day he trained his limbs to move quickly, so that he could dart forward and backward like a flash of light. Then he sallied out of the monastery early one gray morning and plunged into the dusky glade where the dragon's den lay.

A low growl, a hiss, a muffled roar! The dragon had taken the alarm and was on the watch for the bold foe.

With upraised sword the young Knight of St. John sprang upon the monster. There was a burst of fire! Smoke rolled in black volumes about the cave. Two immense wings flapped and beat in fury.

At last a yell denoted the end of the fight. Heavily dropped the body of the dragon to the earth; and the Knight, all splashed with blood and soot, looked down upon his fallen foe.

The news soon spread. Crowds of people collected at the spot to view the dead monster. Loud were the shouts of joy; tremendous were the cheers that saluted the conqueror.

"To you is due the cross!" the people cried. "You have borne yourself as a hero!"

In glad procession they marched to the gate of the old monastery, the dragon slayer in their midst. A group of Knights appeared at the entrance. They smiled their greetings to their valiant comrade.

Then stepped forward the Grand Master. His eyes were stern.

"He has slain the dragon!" rang out a thousand voices. "Master, award him the cross!"

The Grand Master maintained his grave look.

"Young brother," he said, "in this monastery the first lesson you have to learn is to obey. Obedience is your first duty. You did not obey my order. You went to meet the dragon, because you thought to gain glory. You were moved by pride and vanity. Go to your chamber. You may not win the cross."

For a moment all were silent.

"Sir," cried the other Knights, "you are too severe on our friend. He did indeed disobey, but he acted as a hero."

The Grand Master made no reply. He regarded the young Knight with a fixed gaze.

The hero cast his glance upon the ground. His cheeks turned red. For a few minutes anger glowed in his heart.

Then he calmed himself. He unfastened his helmet, shield, and breastplate; gave

his armor to a companion, and turned humbly and quietly away. The hot words that were about to spring from his lips were mastered. He obeyed in silence.

The Grand Master's face changed to a smile of admiration.

"My son!" he called, "come back!" Having embraced him, he drew out a gold cross and placed it in his hand, saying:

"You can do a greater thing than killing the dragon. You can conquer your own feelings. You have gained a victory over yourself. Take the cross!"

F. J. GOULD.

COMPANIONS OF DIFFERING HUMORS

Two men once went on a journey together. They were as unlike as day and night. One was unhappy, and always looked on the dark side of things. The other was happy, and always looked on the bright side of things.

As they journeyed along, one was sad and anxious. Every now and then he would

turn to his companion and say, "I don't see how I am going to earn enough to keep alive."

The other man was hopeful. He made up his mind to do the best he could, and then to trust that all would be well.

"How can you be so cheerful?" asked the sad man of his fellow traveler. "I am greatly discouraged. I am afraid that I shall be so poor that I shall be in need of bread."

He was anxious about other things, too. He was always borrowing trouble. So, after he had journeyed a little while in silence, he said to his friend:

"How dreadful it would be if I were to become blind!" And he walked a short distance ahead, with his eyes shut, just to find out what it would be like to be blind.

As he moved along, he passed by a purse of gold lying in the road. Of course he did not see it, because his eyes were shut. But his companion, who never worried about becoming blind, followed with his eyes open, and found the purse.

ÆSOP.

POOR OLD HORSE

Oh, once I lay in stable, a hunter well and warm,

I had the best of shelter

from cold

and rain

and harm;

But now in

open mea-

dow, a

hedge I'm

glad to

find,



To shield my sides from tempest, from driving sleet and wind.

Poor old horse, let him die!

My shoulders once were sturdy, were glossy, smooth, and round,

But now, alas! they're rotten, I'm not accounted sound.

As I have grown so aged, my teeth gone to decay,

My master frowns upon me; I often hear
him say,

“Poor old horse, let him die!”

A groom upon me waited, on straw I snugly
lay,

When fields were full of flowers, the air
was sweet with hay;

But now there's no good feeding prepared
for me at all,

I'm forced to munch the nettles upon the
kennel wall.

Poor old horse, let him die!

My shoes and skin, the huntsman that
covets them shall have,



My flesh and bones the hounds, sir! I very
freely give,

I've followed them full often, aye! many a
score of miles,

O'er hedges, walls, and ditches, nor blinked
at gates and stiles.

Poor old horse, let him die!

Ye gentlemen of England, ye sportsmen
good and bold,

All ye that love a hunter, remember him
when old;

O put him in your stable, and make the old
boy warm,

And visit him and pat him, and keep him
out of harm,

Poor old horse, till he die.

Old Song.

THE BANYAN DEER

Once upon a time there was, in an eastern country, a king who cared more for hunting than for any other amusement. Every day he called together as many men as he could, and went out to shoot deer in the forest. At length his people said: "This

king of ours is wasting our time and hindering our work. If he must hunt the deer, let us arrange it so that he will not need our help. We will drive all the deer that we can find into a park, and there we will plant food for them to eat. Then the king can have his pleasure, while we go on with our work."

So they planted grass and walled in the park, and drove into it two great herds of deer, five hundred in each herd. The king of each herd was a fine golden stag, with eyes like jewels and horns like shining silver. One stag was called the Branch deer; the other, the Banyan deer.

Then the people went to their king and said: "Sire, we have done all that we can to make your hunting easy by driving the deer into the great park. Permit us now to go on with our own work." So the king agreed, and went to the park to look at the deer.

When he saw the Banyan deer and the Branch deer he admired them so much that he promised them that they should never be killed by him. Every day he or his cook

would go to the park and shoot a deer, but no one ever troubled the Banyan deer or the Branch deer. The rest of the herds, however, lived in a state of dread. At the first sight of bow and arrows they would rush off, trembling with fright, bruising themselves against trees and rocks.

Then the Banyan deer went to the Branch deer and said to him :

“ Friend, our herds are being needlessly tormented. Since the deer must die, let them go to their death by turns, one from my flock on one day and next day one from yours. Then the others can live in peace.”

The Branch deer agreed to this; and so it went on for some time until one day the lot fell on a mother deer belonging to the herd of Branch. Going to her leader, she said : “ What shall I do, king of the deer? My little one cannot live without me. Let me go free until he is able to take care of himself; then I will take my turn.”

“ No,” said the Branch deer, “ it is unfair to the next deer to kill him even a day before his time. I can do nothing for you.”

Then the doe went to the Banyan deer and told him her story. And he answered : "Go home in peace. I will see that some other takes your place."

No sooner had she left him than the Banyan deer went to the place appointed by the king and laid himself down to be killed. The king was astonished when he saw him lying there.

"My friend," he said, "I promised to spare your life. Why are you lying here to be killed?"

"Sire," said the Banyan deer, "there came to me a poor mother deer, who prayed me to let her turn fall on another until the time when her little one should be grown. As I could not ask another to take her place, I have come to lay down my own life in her stead."

"O Banyan deer!" said the king, "arise, and go in peace. I will spare her life as well as yours."

"Though two of us are spared," said the Banyan deer, "what will the others do? Life is dear to us all."

"Their lives I spare with yours," said the king. "No innocent creatures in the future shall be killed for my selfish pleasure."

Then the Banyan deer blessed the king for his mercy, and went back with his herd to the forest.

MRS. CHARLES A. LANE. Retold from
"The Jātaka."

THE GREEDY ANTELOPE

Once upon a time the King of Benares had a gardener named Sanjaya. Now, a swift antelope who had come to the garden took to flight as soon as it saw Sanjaya. But Sanjaya did not frighten it away; and when it had come again and again, it began to walk about in the garden. And day by day the gardener used to pluck the various fruits and flowers in the garden and take them away to the King.

Now, one day the King asked him, "I say, friend gardener, is there anything strange in the garden so far as you've noticed?"

"I've noticed nothing, O King, save that

an antelope is in the habit of coming and wandering about there. That I often see."

"But could you catch it?"

"If I had a little honey, I could bring it right inside the palace here!"

The King gave him the honey; and he took it, went to the garden, smeared it on the grass at the spot the antelope frequented, and hid himself. When the deer came and had eaten the honey-smeared grass, it was very greedy for more, and from that time went nowhere else, but came only to the garden.

And as the gardener saw that it was allured by the honey-smeared grass, he in due course showed himself. For a few days the antelope took to flight on seeing him. But after seeing him again and again, it became very bold, and gradually came to eat grass from the gardener's hand.

And when the gardener saw that its confidence was gained, he strewed the path right up to the palace as thick with branches as if he were covering it with mats. Then he hung a gourdful of honey over his shoulder,

carried a bundle of grass at his waist, and kept sprinkling honey-smeared grass in front of the antelope till he led him within the palace.

As soon as the deer had got inside, they shut the door. The antelope, seeing men, began to tremble and quake with the fear of death, and ran hither and thither about the hall. The King came down from his upper chamber, and, seeing the trembling creature, said :

“Such is the nature of an antelope, that it will not go for a week afterwards to a place where it has seen men, nor its life long to a place where it has been frightened. Yet this one, with just such a disposition, and accustomed only to the jungle, has now, bound by the lust of taste, come to just such a place. Verily, there is nothing worse in the world than this lust of taste !”

And when in other words he had shown the danger of greed, he let the antelope go back to the forest.

MARIE SHEDLOCK. Retold from
“The Jātaka.”

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!

Will you listen to me?

Who stole four eggs I laid,

And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!

Now what do you think?

Who stole a nest away

From the plum tree, to-day?"

"Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!

I wouldn't be so mean, anyhow!

I gave hairs the nest to make,

But the nest I did not take.

Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!

I'm not so mean, anyhow."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!

Will you listen to me?

Who stole four eggs I laid,

And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!

Now what do you think?

Who stole a nest away

From the plum tree, to-day?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From the little yellow-breast?"

"Not I," said the sheep, "oh, no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa! Baa!" said the sheep, "oh, no,
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

"To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-o'-link! Bob-o'-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum tree, to-day?"

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a word, too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From the little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! Caw!" cried the crow;
"I should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest, to-day?"

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again,
Why I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again."

"Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
All the birds make a stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry 'For shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

"It is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed,
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

ARNOLD WINKELRIED

The brave Swiss were driven back. On came the enemy. The battle was for the liberty of Switzerland, but they who were fighting for their country had no arms except their scythes and their axes, and had not been trained to stand in line. They came to the battle from their farms. And the day went against them. The enemy advanced, full armed, with shields and hel-

mets, in an unbroken company. They were irresistible. To stop them seemed as impossible as to stop the fall of the avalanches of the Swiss mountains. They marched like a moving wall of steel.

Suddenly spoke Arnold Winkelried. "Yonder," he said, "is my farm high on the mountain. There where you see the roof of my little house my wife and children wait for me. But to-day I die for Switzerland. Friends, follow me!" and he ran forward in the face of the advancing foe. They came on with spears outstretched. He ran with arms extended. He gathered with both hands a sheaf of spears. He broke the line as a strong player breaks the defense in a game of football. And after him came the embattled farmers. The army fell into confusion. The stout Swiss, fighting for their homes, routed them. Thus they won the battle and liberty for Switzerland over the dead body of brave Arnold Winkelried.

THE TRAITOR GIRL

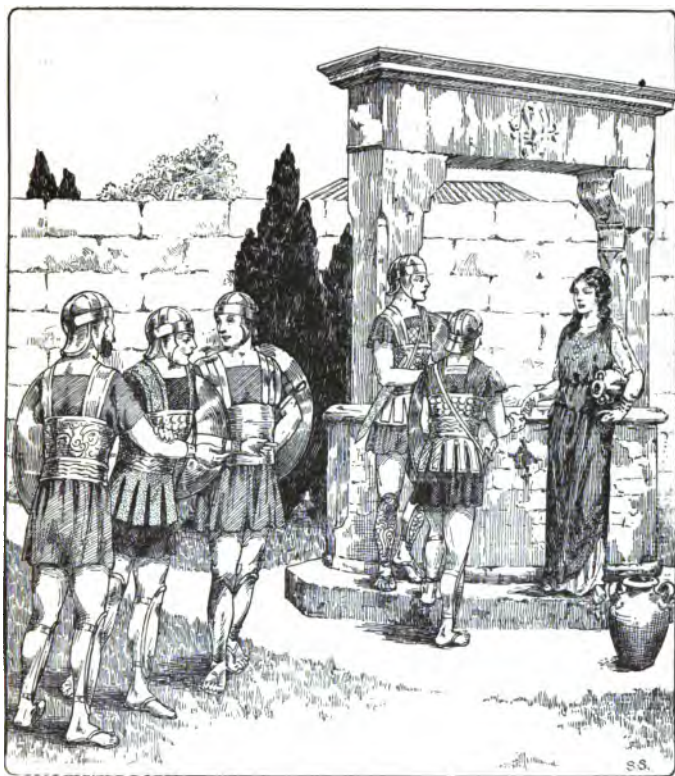
Most of us have probably read of men like Benedict Arnold, who were traitors to their country. But not all of the traitors have been men, for we read in history of a girl who betrayed her country.

Her name was Tarpeia, and she was the daughter of a Roman guard, whose business was to stand at the outer gate of the citadel to keep watch of the enemy.

At this time the Sabines were besieging Rome. Their camp was only a few hundred yards from the city wall. Just a short distance outside the gate was a public well. Tarpeia used to go to the well for water. She would often meet the Sabine soldiers and talk with them. The soldiers wore silver rings and bracelets on their left arms. These ornaments attracted Tarpeia's attention.

The soldiers soon learned that she was the daughter of the guard, and they planned to tempt her to betray the city. So they showed her their beautiful ornaments.

Tarpeia promised to unlock the gate that her father guarded, if they would give her what they wore on their left arms, meaning



their silver rings and bracelets. She did not remember that the soldiers also wore heavy brass shields on their left arms.

Soon the night came when Tarpeia was to perform her wicked act. When all was still, Tarpeia left her bed, procured the key, and quietly unlocked the great city gate. The Sabine soldiers were waiting outside the walls. Silently they passed through the gate and entered the citadel.

Tarpeia stood near the gate as the soldiers filed in. Of course she looked for her reward. She held out her hand to the first soldier that entered. Instead of giving her the silver rings and bracelets, he dropped his heavy brass shield upon her head. It was so heavy that it bore her to the ground.

Then came the second soldier and he said: "Here, take your reward," and he threw his great shield upon her.

Then came the third, and the fourth, and the fifth,—all hurled their shields down upon her. Soon poor Tarpeia was buried beneath a great mass of brass shields, and her body was crushed. This was the reward that the Sabine soldiers gave her for betraying her city.

As she lay dead near the gate that she had unlocked, the enemies of Rome passed into the city.

SIR THOMAS MORE

At about the time that the two little Princes were murdered in the Tower of London there was living a little boy of seven.

He was a kind, good-natured little fellow, fond of animals, and always saying funny and clever things.

His father was one of the judges of the land, and had to see that people who broke the laws were punished. He was very glad to see that his little son was such a bright boy, and thought to himself, "He shall serve the King some day."

At that time the King's chief minister was an old man who had seen a great many changes, and who had been a true friend to the King many times when the sovereign had been in danger of his life.

As the boy grew up, his father sent him to live at the house of this old minister of

the King, to learn by watching what was done, and to find out how the business of the King ought to be done, by helping the old man.

As the old man was, next to the King, the most important man in the country, a great many others of the chief men and women came often to the house.

The boy was fond of hearing them talk, and stored up for use in after life much of what he heard. The old minister grew very fond of the merry, kind-hearted, and sharp little boy, and often said, "Whoever may live to see it, that boy will become a great man."

Thomas was sent to the chief schools of the country, and learned eagerly, making a great many friends.

On becoming a man, Thomas More made up his mind to use all his knowledge for the good of his country.

He became one of the men who make the laws; and when the King wished to make the people pay more money than was right, young Thomas was not afraid to speak against it.

He was one of the best speakers of his day, and helped many poor people to get out of trouble. At Chelsea he had a home, which he thought the best place in all the world, for there were his little children and their mother.

He often used to bring his friends home to show them his children, and their rabbits and pet monkey. King Henry himself would come sometimes and walk with Thomas up and down the pleasant garden that he had. When he had to be away from home, he would send nice little letters to his children.

The King was very fond of Thomas, and made him one of the highest men in England. But soon the King became tired of his wife, and wanted to make some changes that More thought were wrong.

He felt that he could not do as the King wanted, and so gave up the work that he was doing for the King. But King Henry wanted every man to swear that what he had done was right, and was cruel enough to put to death many who would not do this.

More was brought up before the court, and many of his friends tried hard to get him to swear in order to save his life.

But More said, "I must do what I believe to be right." His enemies were now very cruel, and said all sorts of wicked and untrue things about him, and would hardly let him speak to show them to be false.

He was kept in the Tower of London for more than a year, and was treated so badly that when he was brought out to be put to death his hair had turned quite white, and he was so weak that he had to walk with a stick.

His daughter Margaret rushed through the crowd of soldiers that were around him, and hung about his neck weeping, begging him to swear as the King wished. To say "No" to the daughter that he loved was worse to the father than death, but he said kindly, "I cannot do that."

When he came to the place where his head was to be cut off, he spoke cheerfully to his friends around, and said to the headsman, "Friend, you are going to do me the greatest



kindness that any man can, for you will open the door to the great life after this one."

The ax fell and good Sir Thomas More was dead. His head was fixed on a spike on London Bridge, but the brave daughter came and stole it away. She kept it until she herself died, when it was buried with her.

Selected.

THE PARTNERS

Clowns made grimaces, conjurers played tricks. People who kept stalls in the market place and the streets shouted their wares. Men, women, boys, girls laughed, sang, pushed, crushed, danced. It was a fair in a German town. On the stalls were

laid useful articles and toys without number.

Duke Louis took it into his head to stroll down from his castle into the town to see the fair. A servant who carried his moneybag walked with him.

A peddler stood amid the hurly-burly of the fair holding a tray, on which were thimbles, needles, spoons, little leaden



images to wear around the neck, and other knickknacks.

"Can you," asked the Duke, "earn a living by selling these things?"

"Well, my lord, I can, though it is but a poor one. I am ashamed to beg. I believe I could get on better, and even double my stock at the year's end, if I could travel in safety from city to city."

"Then, why don't you?"

"Because, my lord, I should be stopped by your officers and made to pay a tax on my pack of goods; and I should be obliged to pay at every tollbar along the high roads; and that would take away my profits."

"Very well. I will help you out of that difficulty. I will give you a safe conduct."

"What is that, my lord?"

"A paper signed by me and sealed by my seal, announcing to all taxgatherers and toll keepers that you are to go free of payments. What is your pack worth?"

"Twenty shillings."

"Give him ten," said the Duke to his treasurer. "We will go halves. We will

be PARTNERS. And make out a safe conduct for me to sign."

This was done. A year afterwards the fair was held as usual, and the peddler stood there with a much larger stock of goods. He had traveled and traded, and done well. The Duke, being partner, had a right to half the profits; and though he did not take half, he chose some of the peddler's articles as gifts to his servants at the castle.

The years went by. The peddler had now bought an ass, and on the ass's back were strapped two bales of goods, so well had his stock in trade increased. He made longer journeys, and even went beyond the borders of Germany, across the rocky Alps, and into Italy.

Once he visited Venice, that fair city by the sea that is called the "Queen of the Adriatic." His load contained rings, bracelets, pins, jewels, ivory cups, polished mirrors to see one's face in, knives, coral beads for babies, and the tongues of adders! (The adders' tongues, I suppose, were a

sort of charm or medicine for healing disease.) On his way back to the fair he halted at an inn by the wayside in the province of Franconia — a district that was not in the government of the Duke.

Certain men saw the peddler's pack and its valuable contents, and envied what he possessed. They lay in wait for him as he journeyed, and set upon him, and mauled him, and robbed him of all his wares and his ass.

"You rogues," he shouted, "I have a safe conduct from Duke Louis."

So saying, he drew the paper from his bosom.

They merely laughed, and soon the sound of their steps died away, and the peddler was left alone in the forest, unhappy and a beggar.

He made his way to the town and attended the fair. Alas! he had nothing to sell. The Duke came, as was his wont each year. He was surprised to see the peddler without stall or ass. His partner told his sad story.

"Don't be troubled about your loss," said the Duke. "I am your partner; I will recover our property."

That evening there was a great stir in the castle. Messengers flew hither and thither on horseback. All night long the warder was opening and closing the gates, as folk entered and left. Every now and then a band of knights rode in; or in there marched a troop of men at arms; or a crowd of peasants from a village tramped in, bearing cudgels and other weapons. By morning a small army had mustered. The Duke took command, and set out for Franconia, and drew up his force at the gates of the city of Wurtzburg. The citizens were much alarmed at the coming of this army. The Prince-bishop of Wurtzburg came forth from the city to demand the reason.

"I am hunting for my ass," replied Duke Louis.

"I know nothing about your ass."

"Some of your subjects have stolen it. You are responsible for their conduct."

“Very well. I will cause it to be searched for.”

So questions were asked, and officers looked up and down the land until the robbers were tracked, and the ass was found and brought back to Duke Louis, with as much of the peddler's goods as could be got from the robbers' hands.

Duke Louis had the pleasure of restoring the useful ass to the peddler.

The people of Thuringia (the Duke's land) rejoiced to hear of the manner in which their lord had gone to the aid of a humble peddler. That is what rulers are for, only they do not always think of it. It is the duty of the strong to aid the weak. The ruler should be the partner of the working-man.

F. J. GOULD.

MARCH

The Cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,

The green field sleeps in the sun ;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest ;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising ;
There are forty feeding like one !

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill ;
The plowboy is whooping — anon — anon ;
There's joy in the mountains,
There's life in the fountains ;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing ;
The rain is over and gone !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

HOW THE MOON BECAME BEAUTIFUL

The Moon is very beautiful with his round, bright face, which shines with soft and gentle light on all the world of man. But once there was a time when he was not as beautiful as he is now. Six thousand

years ago the face of the Moon became changed in a single night. Before that time his face had been so dark and gloomy that no one liked to look at him, and for this reason he was always very sad.

One day he complained to the flowers and to the stars—for they were the only things that would ever look in his face.

He said, "I do not like to be the Moon. I wish I were a star or a flower. If I were a star, even the smallest one, some great general would care for me; but alas! I am only the Moon and no one likes me. If I could only be a flower and grow in a garden where the beautiful earth women come, they would place me in their hair and praise my fragrance and beauty. Or, if I could even grow in the wilderness where no one could see, the birds would surely come and sing sweet songs for me. But I am only the Moon and no one honors me."

The stars answered and said, "We cannot help you. We were born here and we cannot leave our places. We never had anyone to help us. We do our duty, we

work all the day and twinkle in the dark night to make the skies more beautiful. — But that is all we can do," they added, as they smiled coldly at the sorrowful Moon.

Then the flowers smiled sweetly and said, "We do not know how we can help you.



We live always in one place — in a garden near the most beautiful maiden in all the

world. As she is kind to every one in trouble we will tell her about you. We love her very much and she loves us. Her name is Tseh-N'io."

Still the Moon was sad. So one evening he went to see the beautiful maiden Tseh-N'io. And when he saw her he loved her at once. He said, "Your face is very beautiful. I wish that you would come to me, and that my face would be as your face. Your motions are gentle and full of grace. Come with me and we will be as one — and perfect. I know that even the worst people in all the world would have only to look at you and they would love you. Tell me, how did you come to be so beautiful?"

"I have always lived with those who were gentle and happy, and I believe that is the cause of beauty and goodness," answered Tseh-N'io.

And so the Moon went every night to see the maiden. He knocked on her window, and she came. And when he saw how gentle and beautiful she was, his love grew stronger, and he wished more and more to be with her always.

One day Tseh-N'io said to her mother, "I should like to go to the Moon and live always with him. Will you allow me to go?"

Her mother thought so little of the question that she made no reply, and Tseh-N'io told her friends that she was going to be the Moon's bride.

In a few days she was gone. Her mother searched everywhere but could not find her. And one of Tseh-N'io's friends said, "She has gone with the Moon, for he asked her many times."

A year and a year passed by and Tseh-N'io, the gentle and beautiful earth maiden, did not return. Then the people said, "She has gone forever. She is with the Moon."

* * * * *

The face of the Moon is very beautiful now. It is happy and bright and gives a soft, gentle light to all the world. And there are those who say that the Moon is now like Tseh-N'io, who was once the most beautiful of all earth maidens.

MARY HAYES DAVIS AND CHOW-LEUNG.

From "Chinese Fables and Folk Stories."

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THE SEA

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the
 skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go:
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh! how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,

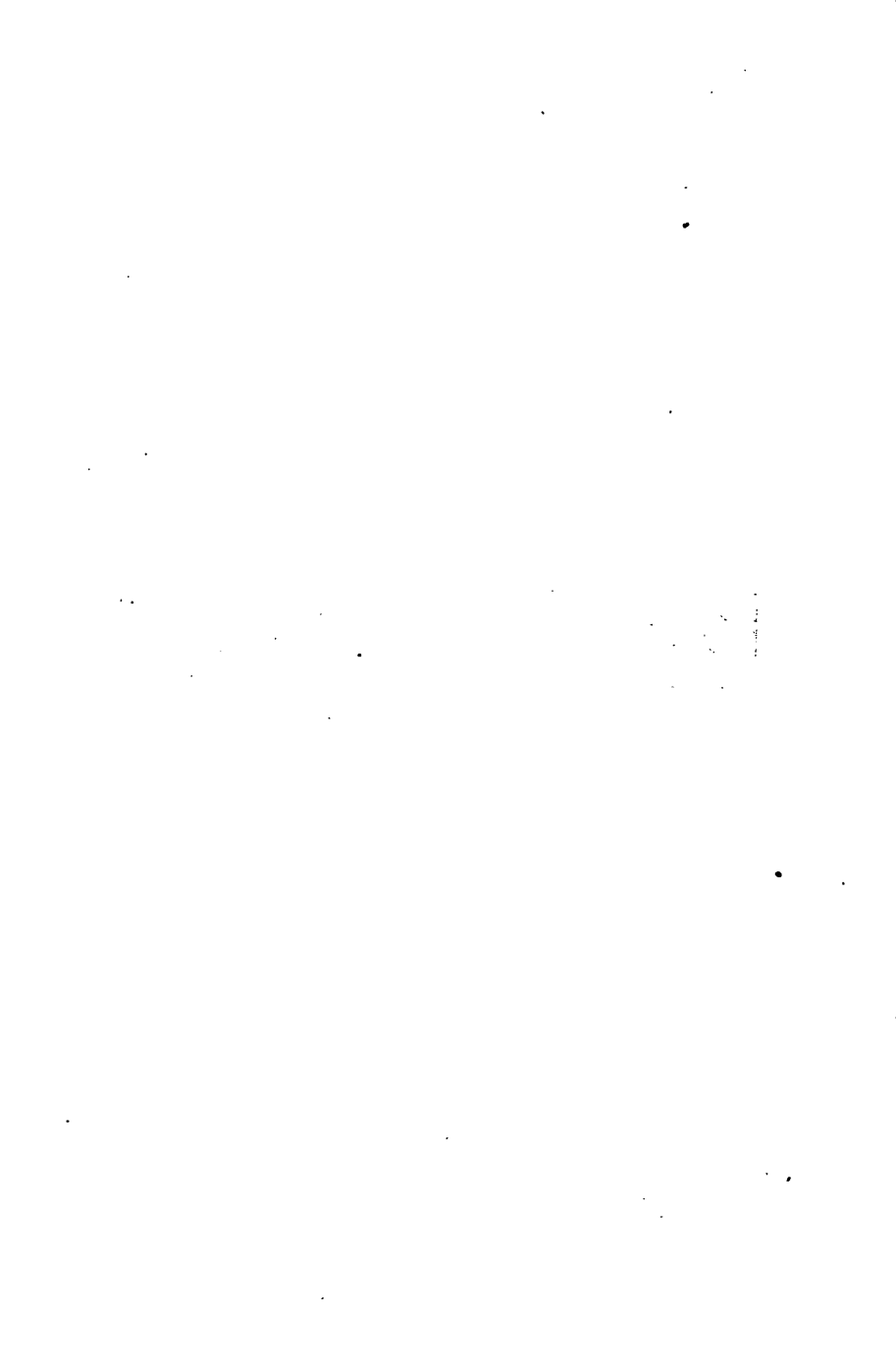
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea !

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born ;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise
 rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold ;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child !

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change ;
And death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea !

BARRY CORNWALL.

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